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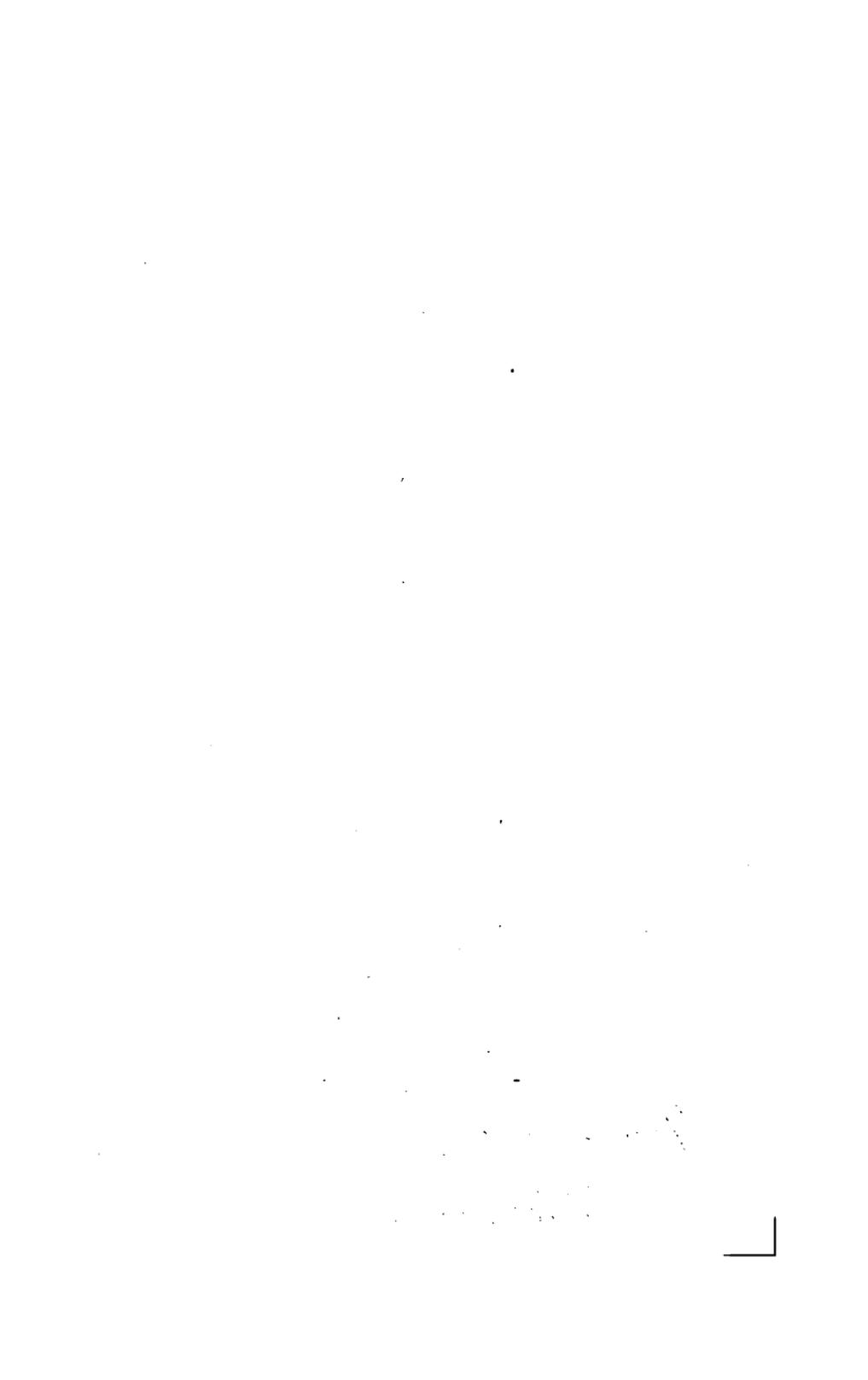


H. T. Suckernum,

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New-York Jan. 1848.







Yours ever,  
W. Bayard Taylor

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ANNUAL EDITION.

FOR 1849.

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Removed from Paternoster Row to  
J. CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

1849.

Yours ever,  
W. Bayard Taylor

# RHYMES OF TRAVEL,

## BALLADS AND POEMS.

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR,

AUTHOR OF "VIEWS A-FOOT," ETC.

NEW-YORK:

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.

LONDON: PUTNAM'S AMERICAN AGENCY,

Removed from Paternoster Row to

J. CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.

1849.

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ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by  
GEORGE P. PUTNAM.  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District  
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LEAVITT, TROW & CO.,  
Printers and Stereotypers,  
49 Ann-street, N.Y.

~~Inscribed to~~

**JOHN B. PHILLIPS,**

OF BOHEMIA MANOR, MD.,

**IN TOKEN OF**

**EARLY FRIENDSHIP UNBROKEN,**

**AND**

**EARLY CONFIDENCE UNBETRAYED.**



## THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THIS volume—the first poetical venture to which I have entrusted a hope of success, for the sake of Poetry alone—seems to require a few words of introduction.

In collecting the effusions of four or five years for publication in a form which has the semblance of permanence, however much it may lack the necessary vital spirit, I have been aware of the great inequality of merit among the poems chosen. The Rhymes of Travel, which give expression to thoughts and emotions inspired by my journey in Europe, are the earliest I have thought proper to include. They are faithful records of my feelings at the time, often noted down hastily by the wayside, and aspiring to no higher place than the memory of some pilgrim who may, under like circumstances, look upon the same scenes. An ivy leaf from the tower where a hero of old history may have dwelt, or the simplest weed, growing over the dust that once held a great soul, is reverently kept

for the memories it inherited through the chance fortune of the wind-sown seed ; and I would fain hope that these rhymes may bear with them a like simple claim to reception, from those who have given me their company through the story of my wanderings.

In the Californian Ballads I have attempted to give a poetical expression to the rude but heroic physical life of the vast desert and mountain region, stretching from the Cordilleras of New Mexico to the Pacific. This country, in the sublime desolation of its sandy plains and stony mountains, streaked here and there with valleys of almost tropical verdure, and the peculiar character of its semi-civilized people, seemed to afford a field, in which the vigorous spirit of the old ballad might be transplanted, to revive and flourish with a new and sturdy growth. The favor with which some of these ballads have been noticed, on their anonymous publication in the *Literary World*, encourages me to hope that I have been partly successful. I am conscious, at least, that they were written with no deliberate purpose to seek a new field for poetic effort, but from that impulse which made their expression a necessity and a joy.

For the imperfections in this volume I offer no apology. That it contains some poems whose selection was not dic-

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tated by my confidence in their poetic merit, I freely confess; but, (if the reader will pardon this piece of egotism,) in giving to the world a volume which closes the first stage of my experience as an author, the wishes of others to whom they had a pleasant meaning, induced me to retain them. For this, however, I ask no indulgence from those whose province it is to direct the public taste. Poetry is in herself too sacred, to permit the use of any personal considerations, as a plea for an imperfect or unworthy offering at her altar.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

NEW-YORK, December, 1848.



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I.

**Rhymes of Travel.**

Wohl auf, noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein!  
Adè nun, ihr Lieben, geschieden muss sein;  
Adè nun, ihr Berge, du väterlich Haus,  
Es treibt nach der Ferne mich mächtig hinaus.

*Justine Kerner.*



## THE POET'S AMBITION.

A THOUGHT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No thirst for power, whose fierce and stern desire  
Leads on to guilt and wrong,  
Moves the pale monarch of the deathless Lyre —  
The laureled lord of Song !

Not his the joy, when the trump's braying tells  
Of armies overthrown ;  
When peans thunder from cathedral bells,  
Drowning the captive's groan.

No plaudits from the crowding myriads rise  
Along his glorious march ;  
For him no blazoned banners flaunt the skies —  
Stands no triumphal arch !

But purer, holier, loftier is the aim  
Born of his gift divine ;

His spirit longs to grasp that crown of fame,  
Whose stars forever shine.

The love of man — the blessing of the heart  
To which his bright words stole,  
And breathed the solace of his godlike art,  
As to a brother-soul !

The prayers of spirits, to whose silent wo  
He gives a voice sublime —  
And prophet-thoughts, whose lightning pinions go  
Beyond the shores of Time !

In the broad realm of human hearts alone,  
He holds eternal sway ;  
What king sate ever on a prouder throne,  
With vassals such as they ?

*London, 1844.*

## THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

I STOOD in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power,<sup>1</sup>  
That from the clustered roofs of Aix lifts up its mould'ring  
tower,

And, like a legend strange and rude, speaks of an earlier  
day —

Of saint, and knight, the tourney's pride and the Minne-  
singer's lay !

Above me rose the pillared dome, with many a statue grim,  
And through the chancel-oriel came a lustre soft and dim,  
Till dusky shrine and painting old glowed in the twilight  
wan :

Below me was a marble slab — the tomb of Charlemagne !

A burst of organ-music rang so grandly, sadly slow,  
'Twas like an anthem thundered o'er the dead who slept  
below ;

And with the sound, came thronging round the stern men  
of that time

When best was he who bravest fought, and cowardice was  
crime !

I thought on that far day, when he, whose dust I stood  
upon,

Ruled with a monarch's boundless right the kingdoms he  
had won —

When rose the broad Alps in his realm, and roared the  
Baltic's wave ;

And now — the lowest serf might stand, unheeded, on his  
grave !

And ruthless hands despoiled his dust, attired in regal  
pride,

The crown upon his fleshless brow, and "*Joyeuse*" by  
his side —

Whose rusted blade, at Ronçeval, flamed in the hero's  
hand,

In answer to the silver horn of the dying Knight, Ro-  
land !

I stood on that neglected stone, thrilled with the glorious  
sound,

While bowed by many a holier shrine, the worshipers  
around —

And through the cloud of incense-smoke burned many a taper dim,

And called the priest to matin prayer—I could but think of him !

I saw the boy with yellow locks, crowned at St. Deny's shrine ;

The emperor in his purple stole, the lord of all the Rhine ;  
The conqueror of a thousand foes, through battle stern and hard —

The widowed mourner at thy tomb, oh fairest Hildegarde !

Long pealed the music of the choir through chancel-arch and nave,

As folded in the spell of years, I stood upon his grave ;  
And when the morning-anthem ceased and solemn mass began,

I left that chapel gray and old—the tomb of Charlemagne !

*Aix-la-Chapelle, 1844.*

## TO ONE AFAR.

### I.

THE glorious landscape lay below,  
No more in Fancy's dreaming seen —  
But, basking in the Autumn glow  
Stood town and tower and forest green ;  
Beneath, the sounding Neckar rolled  
Through hills which bore him purple wine,  
And glimmered like a chain of gold,  
Through the dim haze, the winding Rhine !  
In breezeless rest, the fisher's sail  
Gleamed idly downward with the tide,  
And songs of peasants in the vale  
Came faintly up the mountain side :  
In the blue dimness of the air,  
A vague, sweet sense of lingering sound,  
Like echoes of the chimes of prayer,  
Hallowed the beauty-haunted ground —

---

And, through the day's descending hours,  
Lulled by that faint, ethereal strain,  
I lay amid the heather flowers  
Listening its echoes in my brain ;  
While, as the slow vibrations died,  
My soul went back the Past on Memory's lapsing tide.

## II.

Again my timid childhood came,  
And boyhood's struggling, doubt and tears,  
Where one dear hope illumed thy name,  
Belovèd of my early years !  
And trembled o'er the soul's deep chords  
Sweet memories of their earliest tone —  
The music of thy gentle words,  
The deep devotion of my own !  
I heard thy tender, low replies,  
Beside the rose's breathing bower,  
When o'er us hung the moonlit skies  
And angels blest our trysting hour !  
I felt the dewy winds, whose kiss  
Cooled the quick pulses of my brow,  
When thrilling with the voiceless bliss  
Of being loved by such as thou —  
When o'er the cloudy doubts above  
Stood broad and bright the glorious rainbow — Love !

## III.

The hope which yearned for thee afar,  
The boyish worship, treasured long,  
Dawned on my heart — a morning star  
Before the rising orb of Song !  
And the lone stream and solemn grove  
That knew my spirit's gloom and glee,  
Learned the dear secret of my love,  
Till all their music spoke of thee !  
On the calm midnight's breezy tide  
Came the sweet breath of flowers afar ;  
The sentries of the forest sighed —  
On the stream's bosom throbbed the star !  
Low murmurs from the holy skies  
Haunted, like song, the dreamy air,  
And from my heart, the fond replies  
Awoke prophetic echoes there ;  
For boyhood's prayer foretold the hour,  
When with fulfillment came the blessing and the power !

## IV.

I know not how the world may love —  
How, in a thousand hearts, the fire  
May seem descended from above,  
And yet in ashy gloom expire ;

How, in the passion-hour of youth,  
The lip may speak its holiest vow,  
Yet shadows dim the spirit's truth  
And pride and coldness change the brow ;  
I only know, how, from the mist  
Of childhood's dreams, thine image grew —  
A flower by Passion's sunbeams kissed  
And fed by Hope's perpetual dew !  
I only know how dear a worth  
This restless being wins through thee,  
Within whose sunshine, o'er the earth,  
All beauty lives eternally !  
And if my lays, in after-time,  
Should win men's love, — the holiest fame ;  
If Sorrow's gifts of sweetest rhyme  
Should brighten round my humble name —  
*Thy* soul will light my footsteps on,  
Up the long path of toil and tears,  
And share with me the glory won —  
Belovèd of my early years !

*Heidelberg, 1844.*

## STARLIGHT IN THE ODENWALD.\*

UPON the mountain's rugged crest  
There lingers still a glow,  
But twilight's gathering gloom has drest  
The valleys far below ;  
No wild wind sways the mountain pine,  
No breeze bends down the flower,  
And dim and faint the star-beams shine  
Upon the vesper hour.

Here, in the fading sunset light,  
I breathe the upper air,  
And hear the low, sad voice of Night,  
Inviting Earth to prayer !  
Still deeper through the wide profound  
The solemn shadows fall,  
And rest upon the hills around  
Like Nature's funeral pall.

Now comes to break the breathless spell,  
In blended evening-hymn,  
The chime of many a distant bell  
From valleys deep and dim ;  
And as they fall, the warder-star  
That guards the twilight pale,  
Looks o'er the eastern hills afar  
And dons his silver mail.

The shadows deepen, as I stand —  
The rosy glow is gone,  
And westward, towards my native land,  
The sunset marches on !  
Ye stars, with whose familiar glance  
My thoughts are mingling free,  
Shine, glimmering o'er the wide expanse,  
And bear them home for me !

Still all is breathless, as in prayer,  
But to my spirit-ear  
Kind voices float upon the air —  
Fond eyes are beaming near.  
The love, whose pinions never rest,  
Soars, constant, o'er the sea,  
And by the thrill within my breast  
I know they speak of me !

The gentle spirit of the hour  
Melts in the dew of tears,  
And yielding to its spell of power  
I muse on vanished years,  
Till through the gloom, no more is heard  
The solemn evening-chime,  
And mourn the pine-boughs, faintly stirred,  
The hurrying march of Time.

*Germany, 1844.*

## A SONG AT DUSK.

### I.

Oh, gloomy up the welkin's arch  
The night in clouds comes striding on,  
And gathers Time, on tireless march,  
Another day to myriads gone !  
The sun, that in his gray robe drest,  
Stole down the veiled and dark'ning sky,  
Yet shines behind the clouded West,  
Where the green hills of childhood lie ;  
My heart goes with him o'er the sea,  
To gaze, with all his beams, on thee !

### II.

Turbid and dark with melted snows,  
The restless waters by me sweep

From the far fountains whence they rose,  
Impatient, to their parent deep ;  
But when the chafing shores are gone  
And the blue ocean-wastes expand,  
Perchance some storm will bear them on  
To break upon my Fatherland !  
With them careering, fast and free,  
My heart speeds homeward, love, to thee !

## III.

I hear the winds of evening moan  
Through ivied towers, decayed and old,  
Waving their tresses o'er the stone  
In desolation, doubly cold ;  
Yet when o'er thousand leagues they blow,  
Beyond this twilight's dusky line,  
Their wings may stoop to waken low  
The music of our trysting pine,  
And, sighing with them in the tree,  
My heart would whisper, love, to thee.

*Frankfort, Germany, 1845.*

## THE CRUSADES.

THE red-cross banners moulder here to ashes,<sup>8</sup>  
And Godfrey's falchion rusts in dull repose,  
That pierced the war-cloud with its crimson flashes,  
And clove the helmets of his swarthy foes ;  
These standards once led Europe's knights undaunted,  
Their folds upon the winds of Syria flung,  
As over plains by holy memories haunted  
Their hymns of faith the pilgrim-warriors sung.

That breastplate once, on Hermon's hallowed mountain,  
With dews from soft Judean skies was wet ; .  
Those plumes have waved beside Bethesda's fountain,  
And stood with Godfrey on Mount Olivet !  
And once the banners, now all rent and shivered,  
Waved on the holy walls from Moslems won,  
Or by the Lion-hearted king have quivered,  
Upon the sands of fated Ascalon !

The dreams of Romance, that in days departed  
Thrilled through my boyish soul, come back again,  
As when the blood unto my brow hath started  
At thought of battle on the Syrian plain —  
When Richard's glory fired my young ambition,  
In sweeping charge to break th' embattled line,  
And oft I saw, in dream-enraptured vision,  
The deep-blue heaven that burns o'er Palestine !

They were but dreams ; yet this old blade has broken  
The spell that bound them in the wondrous Past,  
For, long ere this, had other voices spoken,  
Nor leaped my heart unto that clarion-blast.  
All dust and ruin, let those ages moulder  
Like these rent banners crumbling on the wall ;  
The Earth learns wisdom as she waxes older —  
The proudest glory of the Past shall fall !

Not for the land, where dwelt the Meek and Lowly,  
Shall knights anointed crowd the battle-sod,  
But Earth itself, which God created holy,  
And now so long by unbelievers trod !  
For Earth, where, Freedom's sepulchre profaning,  
A brood of tyrants laugh at Mankind's loss,  
They vow to fight, till Wrong's pale crescent, waning,  
Forever yield to Freedom's hallowed cross !

No more regret o'er chivalry departed —  
No dreams of battles on Judea's strand !  
The world has need of many a Lion-hearted,  
And Truth is gathering her Crusader-band.  
I seize the blade the lofty cause will hallow,  
And swing the banner in the light of morn,  
Through the long march of Life the cross to follow,  
Which martyred Freedom's holy hands have borne !

Oh ! when for ages her Crusade has breasted  
Oppression's armies o'er the groaning Earth,  
When from the foe her sepulchre is wrested,  
And the raised tombstone lets the captive forth,  
Will she arise, in beauty such as never  
Dawned on the Poet's most ecstatic dream —  
A blessing that the soul will clasp forever —  
A world renewed in God's eternal beam !

*Vienna, 1845.*

## THE WAYSIDE DREAM.

THE deep and lordly Danube  
Goes winding far below ;  
I see the white-walled hamlets  
Amid his vineyards glow,  
And southward through the ether shine  
The Styrian hills of snow !

O'er many a league of landscape  
Sleeps the warm haze of noon ;  
The wooing winds come freighted  
With fragrant tales of June,  
And down amid the corn and flowers  
I hear the water's tune.

The meadow-lark is singing,  
As if it still were morn ;  
Sounds through the dark pine-forest  
The hunter's dreamy horn,

---

And the shy cuckoo's plaining note  
Mocks the maidens in the corn.<sup>4</sup>

I watch the cloud-armada  
Go sailing up the sky,  
Lulled by the murmuring mountain-grass,  
Upon whose bed I lie,  
And the faint sound of noonday chimes  
That in the distance die !

A warm and drowsy sweetness  
Is stealing o'er my brain ;  
I see no more the Danube  
Sweep through his royal plain —  
I hear no more the peasant girls  
Singing amid the grain !

Soft, silvery wings, a moment  
Seem resting on my brow ;  
Again I hear the water,  
But its voice is deeper now,  
And the mocking-bird and oriole  
Are singing on the bough !

The elm and linden branches  
Droop close and dark o'erhead,

And the foaming forest-brooklet  
Leaps down its rocky bed ;  
Be still, my heart ! the seas are passed —  
The paths of home I tread !

The showers of creamy blossoms  
Are on the linden spray,  
And down the clover-meadow  
They heap the scented hay,  
And glad winds toss the forest leaves,  
All the bright summer day.

Old playmates ! bid me welcome  
Amid your brother-band ;  
Give me the old affection —  
The glowing grasp of hand !  
I worship no more the realms of old —  
*Here* is my Fatherland !

Come hither, gentle maiden,  
Who weep'st in tender joy !  
The rapture of thy presence  
O'ercomes the world's annoy,  
And calms the wild and throbbing heart,  
Which warms the wandering boy.

In many a mountain fastness,—  
By many a river's foam,  
And through the gorgeous cities,  
'Twas loneliness to roam ;  
For the sweetest music in my heart  
Was the olden songs of home !

Ah ! glen and grove are vanished,  
And friends have faded now !  
The balmy Styrian breezes  
Are blowing on my brow,  
And sounds again the cuckoo's call  
From the forest's inmost bough.

Veiled is the heart's glad vision —  
The wings of Fancy fold ;  
I rise and journey onward,  
Through valleys green and old,  
Where the far, white Alps reveal the morn  
And keep the sunset's gold !

## STEYERMARK.

In Steyermark — green Steyermark,  
The fields are bright and the forests dark —  
Bright with the maids that bind the sheaves,  
Dark with the solemn arch of leaves !  
Voices and streams and sweet bells chime  
Over the land, in the harvest-time,  
And the blithest songs of the finch and lark  
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark.

In Steyermark — old Steyermark,  
The mountain summits are white and stark ;  
The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,  
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below ;  
The stormy Danube clasps the wave  
That downward sweeps with the Drave and Save,  
And the Euxine is whitened with many a bark,  
Freighted with ores of Steyermark !

In Steyermark — rough Steyermark,  
The anvils ring from dawn till dark ;  
The molten streams of the furnace glare,  
Blurring with crimson the midnight air ;  
The lusty voices of forgemen chord,  
Chanting the ballad of " Siegfried's Sword,"  
While ponderous hammers the chorus mark —  
And this is the music of Steyermark !

In Steyermark — dear Steyermark,  
Hearts are glad as the soaring lark :  
There men are framed in the manly mould  
Of their stalwart sires, in the times of old,  
And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky  
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,  
When love descends with the twilight dark,  
In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

In Steyermark — brave Steyermark,  
The flame of Freedom has left a spark,  
Whose lingering glow, in her rudest glen,  
Is kept alive by the iron men !  
Ere long, the slaves of a tyrant's breath  
Shall be driven beyond the Hills of Death,  
And the beacon-snows of her mountains mark  
The barriers of ransomed Steyermark !

## TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,  
    Art a shape of joy,  
Standing by the Isar's water  
    With thy brother-boy ;  
In thy day-dream fondly pressing,  
    Oft, his ringlets down,  
While beneath the sun's caressing,  
    Glows thy cheek of brown.

All the kindly thoughts beguiling  
    Hours of idle rest,  
Ever tune thy lips to smiling,  
    And to love, thy breast.  
Never grief for dear vows broken  
    Drooped thy tearful lid,  
Never words of love unspoken  
    In thy bosom hid !

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Woods of glossy oak are ringing  
With the echoes bland,  
While thy generous voice is singing  
Songs of Fatherland —  
Songs, that by the Danube's river  
Sound on hills of vine,  
And where'er the green waves shiver,  
Down the rushing Rhine !

Life, with all its hues and changes,  
To thy heart doth lie,  
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges  
In the southern sky ;  
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,  
Which the heart should fear,  
And the crags that fall unbidden,  
Startle not the ear !

Where the village maidens gather  
At the fountain's brim,  
Or in sunny harvest-weather,  
With the reapers trim ;  
Where the Autumn fires are burning  
On the vintage-hills —  
Where the mossy wheels are turning,  
*In the ancient mills ;*

Where from ruined robber-towers  
Hangs the ivy's hair,  
And the sweet-lipped foxbell flowers  
On the crumbling stair —  
Every where, without thy presence,  
Would the sunshine fail,  
Fairest of the maiden peasants !  
Flower of Isar's vale !

*Munich, 1845.*

## IN ITALY.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won !  
I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver  
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves, the dim green light  
Falls on my forehead as I write,  
And the sweet chimes of vesper, ringing,  
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold ;  
The stirring memories of old  
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,  
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But, as the radiant sunsets close  
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,  
My soul forgets the olden glory  
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear, outchime  
The music of the Tuscan rhyme ;  
Thou standest here — the gentle-hearted —  
Amid the shades of bards departed !

Their garlands of immortal bay,  
I see before thee fade away,  
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances  
To my own dearer heart-romances !

Sad is the opal glow that fires  
The midnight of the cypress spires,  
And cold the scented wind that closes  
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses.

The fair Italian dream I chased,  
A single thought of thee effaced ;  
For the true clime of song and sun  
Lies in the heart which mine hath won !

*Florence, 1845.*

## TO MY MOTHER.

THE wind is cold, and dark the sky  
That bends, dear mother ! o'er thy child,  
And cloudy masses, wild and high,  
In the night-heaven are piled.

And, sweeping with a mournful sound,  
I hear the swift wings of the blast,  
Whose rainy cisterns, poured around,  
Fall drearily and fast.

Scarce through the midnight's groaning deep  
The glimmering lights of Florence shine,  
And wintry gusts, incessant, sweep  
The shrouded Appenine.

I breathe not Europe's air to-night ;  
Gone is the pomp Day spreads around —  
Lost are the vales and seas of light  
In storm and mingling sound !

Loved scenes, amid the gloom are near ;  
I hear the rush of well-known floods ;  
The rattling of the rain I hear,  
Through gray, primeval woods.

I stand, amid the beating blast,  
Where all the haunts of boyhood stand ;  
To-night the sea's wide waste is passed —  
I walk my native land !

The tide of years rolls backward now,  
Dear mother ! and I seem to feel  
The glow of childhood o'er my brow  
And through my bosom steal.

This night of storm recalls the hour  
I clung for safety to thy side,  
When shadows of the thunder-shower  
Hung o'er the meadows wide.

I feel that solemn joy again,  
Which filled my soul in autumn hours,  
When forest-leaves fell like this rain  
And hid the dying flowers.

I seek the window, still, to see  
How the wet boughs by storms are tost,

That down the fields go drearily,  
Till all the woods are lost.

Beneath the sheltered beechen copse  
I couch on mosses, warm and soft,  
Or, lulled by beat of myriad drops,  
Dream in the dusky loft.

Those days shall be again no more ;  
I walk amid the world of men,  
And childhood's soul must learn a lore  
It ne'er foreboded then.

But in the storm and strife, its wing  
Shall find thy love a sheltering bough,  
And there with holier trust shall cling  
To all it worships now.

*Florence, 1845.*

## ROME.

### I.

WRECK of the fallen world !  
    Ghost of the mighty Past !  
Planet, that, crashing hurled,  
    Fell from its orbit vast —  
How have the later spheres  
    Rolled o'er thy ruined home —  
How have a thousand years  
    Scattered thy glory, Rome !  
Prone, like a godlike form,  
    Stripped by the spoiling worm,  
Wasted by wind and storm,  
    Lieth thy greatness, now !  
And in thy rifled grave,  
    Washed by the Tiber's wave,  
The foot of the meanest slave  
    Tramples thy brow !

## II.

Shadows of centuries glide  
Voiceless, around the scene —  
Phantoms of power and pride,  
Gazing with mournful mien.  
Temple and tomb and arch  
Shattered and lonely stand ;  
Rent by the Vandal's march —  
Spoiled by the robber's hand !  
Through the lone Flavian hall  
Beasts of the desert crawl,  
And on the Cæsar's wall  
Ivy and brambles grow ;  
Relics of temples lay  
Heaped by the Appian way —  
Altars to dull Decay,  
Mouldering slow !

## III.

Yet, 'mid the waifs of Time  
Lingers the fame of old,  
Calling with voice sublime  
Out from its temple's mould !

What though the pleiad hills  
Look on a fettered land —  
Slaves by the Sabine rills —  
Slaves on the Tyrrhene strand —  
Still doth thine empire last,  
Ghost of a godlike Past !  
Still is the broad world cast  
Under thy silent sway ;  
Though in the flood of years  
Vanished both realms and spheres,  
Thine 'mid the blood and tears  
Passed not away !

## IV.

Viewless, yet potent still  
Reigneth the old renown,  
Throned on the classic hill —  
Crowned with the deathless crown.  
There, at its shrine adore  
Breathless, the sons of Art ;  
Led by the laws of yore,  
States into being start.  
Bards from a Virgil caught  
Germs of undying thought —  
Thunders that Tully wrought

Burst upon tyrants now !  
Realm of the Living Dead,  
Reign till by Freedom led,  
Empires o'er earth shall spread,  
Greater than thou !

*The Pantheon, Rome, 1846.*

## THE STATUE IN THE SNOW.

NUMB and chill the Savoyard wandered  
By the banks of frozen Seine,  
Oft, to cheer his sinking spirit,  
Singing low some mountain strain.

But, beside the wintry river,  
Rose the songs of green Savoy  
Sadder than on Alpine summits,  
Sung by many a shepherd-boy !

From the bleak and distant Vosges  
Swept the snowy whirlwind down,  
Flinging wide his shifting mantle  
Over slope and meadow brown.

Like a corpse, the silent landscape  
Lay all stark and icy there,  
And a chill and ghostly terror  
Seemed to load the leaden air.

Still that shivering boy went forward,  
Though his heart within him died,  
When the dreary night was closing  
Dull around the desert wide.

Through the desolate northern twilight  
To his home-sick pining, rose  
Visions of the flashing glaciers,  
Lifted in sublime repose.

Horns of Alp-herds rang in welcome,  
And his mother kissed her boy!—  
Back his bounding heart was hurried  
From the vales of dear Savoy!

For, amid the sinking darkness,  
Colder, chillier, blew the snows,  
Till but faint and moaning whispers  
From his stiffening lips arose.

Then, beside the pathway kneeling,  
Folded he his freezing hands,  
While the blinding snows were drifted  
Like the desert's lifted sands.

As in many an old cathedral,  
Curtained round with solemn gloom,

One may see a marble cherub  
Kneeling on a marble tomb !

With his face to Heaven upturning,  
For the dead he seems to pray,  
While the organ o'er him thunders  
And the incense curls away.

Thus he knelt, all pale and icy,  
When the storm at midnight passed,  
And the silver lamps of heaven  
Burned above the pausing blast.

In that starry-roofed cathedral  
Knelt the cherub form in prayer,  
While the smoke from snowy censers  
Drifted upward through the air.

Though no organ's deep vibration  
Shook the winds that lingered near,  
Think ye not the hymns of angels  
Charmed as well his dying ear ?

## THE DEAREST IMAGE.

I'VE wandered through the golden lands  
Where Art and Beauty blended shine—  
Where features limned by painters' hands  
Beam from the canvass made divine,  
And many a god in marble stands,  
With soul in every breathing line ;  
And forms the world has treasured long  
Within me stirred the streams of Song.

Oh ! proudly o'er the spirit came  
The fervent rapture they inspired,  
As with my feelings all on flame  
I worshiped what the world admired,  
While flashes from those orbs of fame  
The soul with mutual ardor fired,  
Till Beauty's smile and Glory's star  
Seemed to its grasp no more afar !

Yet, brighter than those radiant dreams  
Linked with a fame that never dies—  
Where more than earthly beauty beams  
In sibyls' lips and angels' eyes,  
One image, like the moonlight, seems  
Between them and my heart to rise,  
And from its dearer, holier ray,  
The stars of Genius fade away !

I turn from paintings rich and rare,  
And life compelled in stone to dwell,  
To gaze on Memory's picture fair,  
Whose lines I know so fondly well ;  
The touch of Beauty lingers there,  
And Truth, with more than Beauty's spell —  
And though the mind may worship Art,  
That dearer image fills the heart.

*London, 1846.*

## IMPATIENCE.

LIFT up your heavy wings,  
Ye boding shadows, that upon me rest !

Let but a wave from Morn's o'erflowing springs  
Steal in upon the bound and struggling breast,  
That like a half-fledged bird, impatient sings,  
Beating its weary nest !

Is't not enough to go  
Unknown, and scorned perhaps, amid the throng —  
The curse of want, twin with mistrust, to know,  
That mocks the pride of ever-soaring song,  
And drags the soul revolting down, to grow  
Familiarized with wrong ?

Is't not enough to feel  
The spirit's manhood made a thing of scorn ?  
To conquer Pride's restraining voice, and kneel

With abject lip before the meaner born,—  
But must the gathered shadows still conceal  
The mounting rays of morn ?

When mind, and heart, and soul  
Thrill, tremble with their new-awakened might,  
'Tis hard to view afar the shining goal  
And grope beneath in slow-receding night ;  
But harder yet, when hostile fates control  
Life's common beams of light.

To feel that God-given power  
Acknowledged, known at last, would calm the brain,  
And for the world, the bright and lavish dower  
Of thoughts, long-hoarded, were not given in vain ;  
But oh, how long must clouds, low-brooding, lower,  
And noteless rise the strain ?

*London, 1846.*

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## ASPIRATION.

GLORIOUS Deep ! on the swell of thy surges  
My soul from the night of its boding emerges,  
Lifting its front to Life's sorrows, unveering —  
Boldly as thou to the mad wind's careering !

The Past and its burdens from memory I sever,  
Buried on shores that have vanished forever !  
My soul gathers nerve as the billows grow frantic :  
There's strength in thy heaving, oh stormy Atlantic !

Throned on thy waters, in proud exultation,  
I see the dim land of the Mind's new creation ;  
Looming sublime as a cloud-hidden summit,  
That stands in an ocean unsounded by plummet !

Oh, for a place on that mount of the spirit,  
Feeling the breath of Eternity near it —  
Walking with bards through the spaces Elysian,  
Where God only baffles their grandeur of vision !

*On the Atlantic.*



## NOTE S.

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(<sup>1</sup>) *I stood in that cathedral old, the work of kingly power.*—Page 19.

The Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle was built by Charlemagne, from 796 to 804, and after his death a vault under the centre of the dome received his remains. When this was opened, in 1165, by order of the Emperor Friedrich I, his body was found seated on a chair of white marble, with a sceptre in his hand and his good sword “Joyeuse” by his side. His crown, sword, and ivory hunting-horn, which is only less celebrated than that of his nephew, the paladin Roland, are still preserved in an apartment adjoining the choir.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Starlight in the Odenwald.*—Page 24.

The Odenwald, or Forest of Odin, one of the loneliest and wildest mountain districts of Germany, is little known to foreign tourists. Lying eastward of the celebrated road from Frankfort to Heidelberg, a wooded chain of lofty hills separates it from the great plain of the Rhine, and the Main and Neckar rivers, frequented in summer for the picturesque beauty of their scenery, only touch its eastern and southern boundaries. In its deep, secluded valleys, threaded by the clearest of streams and overhung by mountains of pine where the deer and wild boar are still hunted by the Counts of Erbach, dwell a rude and simple people, who retain with little change the customs of three centuries past, and preserve a sincere faith in the traditions of former times. Among these hills are the crumbling ruins of Snellert and Rodenstein, between which the Wild Huntsman is still chased by his pack of demon hounds, at the approach of war. Here

also is the Giant's Column, a massive relic of the old Teuton races, buried in a wild wood, at the foot of the "Sea of Rocks." It was on the top of the Musau Height, a lonely ridge which the author crossed at nightfall, that the poem was composed.

(3) *The red-cross banners moulder here to ashes.*—Page 29.

In the Imperial Armory at Vienna, are still to be seen the hat, sword, and breast-plate of Godfrey of Bouillon, the Crusader-king of Jerusalem, and the tattered fragments of the banners planted by his knights on the walls of the Holy City. Some of the shreds, cut by lances and mouldering away by age, retain outlines of the Red Cross and the Virgin and Child.

(4) *Mocks the maidens in the corn.*—Page 33.

The cuckoo sings in the deepest and darkest shade of the woods, and though its mournful note is heard all day long, the bird itself is rarely seen. There is a custom among the peasant girls to count the number of cries which it repeats without pausing, when they are at work in the harvest-fields, since they believe this corresponds with the number of years they are to live. There is a pretty German pastoral of one of the old poets, describing a young maiden listening to a cuckoo, which, to her surprise, prolongs its cries much beyond the usual number. When, however, it reached a hundred, she grew angry, and went into the woods to frighten the bird from its song; but instead of finding it, she was caught in the arms of her lover who, to tease her, had imitated its tone.

(5) *Shall be driven beyond the Hills of Death.*—Page 37.

The *Todtengelbirge* (Mountains of Death) divide the Alpine province of Steyermark from that of Austria proper.

(6) *By the banks of frozen Seine.*—Page 50.

An incident similar to that described in the poem, occurred a short time before the author's journey through France. A young Savoyard boy, traveling from Paris to Dijon in the dead of winter, was overtaken by a snow storm at nightfall, and perished. He was found the next morning, near the road, kneeling and with clasped hands, yet frozen to a statue.

(7) *Impatience*.—Page 55.

This poem was written under the pressure of somewhat trying circumstances, and from the impulse of an impatient spirit. It has been retained for the lesson it bears to the author, rather than any poetic merit. That the feeling which it expresses is not habitual with him, is shown by the poem which succeeds it.

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## II.

### Picturesque Ballads of California.

“Over the hills  
Away we go !  
Through fire and snow,  
And rivers, whereto  
All others are rills.  
Through lands of silver,  
And lands of gold ;  
Through lands untrodden  
And lands untold !”

*Festus.*

[Three of the ballads which follow, originally appeared in the *Literary World*, under fictitious initials, and accompanied by a letter dated from St. Louis, in which it was stated that they had been translated from the rude songs of California, by a Western naturalist who had resided on the Pacific Coast. This *ruse*, however, was only partially successful ; they were attributed by journals in other cities, to Mr. HOFFMAN, then Editor of the *Literary World*, and frequently published under his name. Several other ballads having since been written, the author now corrects this error, so flattering to himself, and gives them together to the public.]

## EL CANALO.

Now saddle El Canalo<sup>1</sup>—the freshening wind of morn  
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring through the corn ;  
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming  
day,  
And the steed's impatient stamping is eager for the way !

My glossy-limbed Canalo, thy neck is curved in pride,  
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostril straining  
wide ;  
And as thy quick neigh greets me, and I catch thee by the  
mane,  
I'm off with the winds of morning—the chieftain of the  
plain !

I feel the swift air whirring, and see along our track,  
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go streaming  
back ;

And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep the dark defile,  
Where the red guerilla watches for many a lonely mile !

They reach not El Canalo ; with the swiftness of a dream  
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and Tulé's icy stream ;  
But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward sped,  
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will circle o'er the dead !

On ! on, my brave Canalo ! we've dashed the sand and  
snow

From peaks upholding heaven, from deserts far below —  
We've thundered through the forest, while the crackling  
branches rang,  
And trooping elks, affrighted, from lair and covert sprang !

We've swam the swollen torrent — we've distanced in the  
race

The baying wolves of Pinos, that panted with the chase ;  
And still thy mane streams backward, at every thrilling  
bound,  
And still thy measured hoof-stroke beats with its morning  
sound !

The seaward winds are wailing through Santa Barbara's  
pines,  
And like a sheathless sabre, the far Pacific shines ;

EL CANALO.

6

Hold to thy speed, my arrow ! at nightfall thou shalt lay  
Thy hot and smoking haunches beneath his silver wave !

My head upon thy shoulder, along the sloping sand  
We'll sleep as trusty brothers, from out the mountain land  
The pines will sound in answer to the surges on the shore  
And in our dreams, Canalo, we'll make the journey o'er !

## THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,  
A fog hung over the seas,  
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,  
Were torn by the mountain trees ;  
No sound was heard, but the dashing  
Of waves on the sandy bar,  
When Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadòr, out in his shallop,  
Gathering his harvest so wide,  
Sees the dim bulk of the headland  
Loom over the waste of the tide ;  
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway  
Wind round on the terrible wall,  
Where the faint moving speck of the rider  
Seems hovering close to its fall !

Stout Pablo of San Diego  
Rode down from the hills behind ;  
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,  
    He sang through the fog and wind.  
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,  
    Twinkled his eye like a star,  
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds  
    Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,  
    Had traveled the shore since dawn,  
Leaving the ranches behind him —  
    Good reason had he to be gone !  
The blood was still red on his dagger,  
    The fury was hot in his brain,  
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers  
    Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,  
    He mounted the dizzying road,  
And the chasms and steeps of the headland  
    Were slippery and wet, as he trode ;  
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,  
    Rolling the fog from afar,  
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,  
    Midway on the Paso del Mar !<sup>3</sup>

“ Back !” shouted Bernal, full fiercely,  
And “ back !” shouted Pablo, in wrath ;  
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,  
On the perilous line of the path !  
The roar of devouring surges  
Came up from the breakers’ hoarse war ;  
And “ back, or you perish !” cried Bernal,  
“ I turn not on Paso del Mar !”

The gray mule stood firm as the headland ;  
He clutched at the jingling rein,  
When Pablo rose up in his saddle  
And smote till he dropped it again.  
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,  
And brandished his dagger, still red,  
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,  
And fought o’er his trusty mule’s head.

They fought, till the black wall below them  
Shone red through the misty blast ;  
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,  
The broad breast of Bernal at last.  
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman  
Closed round him with terrible clasp,  
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,  
Down from the mule, in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness  
On the slippery edge of the wall ;  
They swayed on the brink, and together  
Reeled out to the rush of the fall !  
A cry of the wildest death-anguish  
Rang faint through the mist afar,  
And the riderless mule went homeward  
From the Fight of the Paso del Mar !

## RIO SACRAMENTO.<sup>3</sup>

SACRAMENTO ! Sacramento,  
Down the rough Nevada foaming,  
Fain my heart would join thy water  
In its glad, impetuous roaming,  
For thy valley's fairest daughter  
Watches oft to see thee coming !

Sacramento ! Sacramento !  
From the shining threads that wove thee—  
From the mountain woods that darken  
All the mountain heaven above thee,  
Teach her ear thy song to hearken  
And, for what it says, to love thee !

Sacramento ! Sacramento !  
Lead me downward to the glory  
Of thy green and flowery meadows ;  
I will leave the deserts hoary,

For thy grove of quiet shadows  
And my love's impassioned story.

Sacramento ! Sacramento !  
Every dancing rainbow broken  
When thy falling waves are shattered,  
Is a glad and beckoning token  
Of the hopes so warmly scattered  
And the vows that we have spoken !

Sacramento ! Sacramento !  
She, beside thee, waits my coming ;  
Teach my step thy bounding fleetness,  
Towards the bower of beauty roaming,  
Where she stands, in maiden sweetness,  
Gazing idly on thy foaming !

## THE EAGLE HUNTER.

STORM and rain are on the mountains,  
And the pines and torrents thunder,  
And the black and driving shadows  
    Make a night along the plain :  
Now the herds are grouped for shelter,  
And the herdsmen wind their lassos,  
Towards the distant hacienda,  
    Speeding homeward through the rain !

From the icy Cordilleras  
Crashing leap the avalanches,  
By the hands of mining waters  
    Loosened from their lofty hold ;  
And the mountain sheep are scattered  
By the firs and larches falling,  
And the wild wolves howling gather  
    In the caverns dark and cold !

On the mighty summit, beaten  
By the wintry sleet, I wander,  
For I seek the monarch-eagle  
    In his eyrie of the rock ;  
And I shout in fierce exulting,  
When his gray wing on the darkness  
Of the cloud above me flashes,  
    Wheeling downward to the shock !

Nearer, with his keen eye burning,  
And his hungry beak extended —  
With a shriek of anger swooping  
    Comes the storm-defying bird :  
Yet as steady and unswerving,  
Upward flies the fatal arrow,  
And his death-cry on the sweeping  
    Of the sounding winds is heard !

From his wing I rob the plumage,  
And it crowns me like a chieftain,  
And his talons stud my girdle  
    Like the scales of olden mail ;  
Never wears the wild ranchero  
Such a trophy on the vega,  
Or the fiery-eyed Navajo,  
    In the Colorado's vale !

I am come of nobler lineage,  
And my realm is far above them,  
Where the cradles of the rivers  
    Have been hollowed in the snow ;  
And I drink their crystal sources,  
Where the Bravo and Nebraska  
To their thousand leagues of travel,  
    O'er the desolate prairies go !

In the meeting of the thunders,  
When the solid crags are shivered,  
Firm and fearless and rejoicing  
    On the snowy peak I stand ;  
For my foot has learned the fleetness  
Of the ibex on the ridges,  
And my voice the stormy music  
    Of the lofty Mountain Land !

## THE BISON TRACK.

STRIKE the tent ! the sun has risen ; not a cloud has  
ribbed the dawn,  
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and  
wan :  
Prime afresh the trusty rifle — sharpen well the hunting  
spear —  
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of hoofs I  
hear !

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as they snuff the morn-  
ing's fire,  
And their flashing heads are tossing, with a neigh of keen  
desire ;  
Strike the tent — the saddles wait us ! let the bridle-reins  
be slack,  
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bison's  
track !

See ! a dusky line approaches ; hark, the onward-surging roar,

Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore !

Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,

And the stubborn horns are striking, through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us — let the maddened horses go !

We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues it blow !

Though the surgy manes should thicken, and the red eyes' angry glare

Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air !

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,

And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space :

Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye look back —

Death to him whose speed should slacken, on the maddened bison's track !

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is  
close and warm

For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm :  
Hurl your lassos swift and fearless — swing your rifles as  
we run !

Ha ! the dust is red behind him — shout, my brothers, he  
is won !

Look not on him as he staggers — 'tis the last shot he will  
need ;

More shall fall, among his fellows, ere we run the bold  
stampede ; —

Ere we stem the swarthy breakers, while the wolves, a  
hungry pack,

Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody Bison  
Track !

## THE LAY OF LAS PALMAS.

A LEGEND OF OLD CALIFORNIA.

HIGH on the summit,  
Over the waters,  
Fronting the sunset  
Lingered the maid ;  
Below, through the flashing  
Of blue billows dashing,  
Glided the shallop  
Storms had delayed !

Ere the white pebbles  
On the keel grated,  
Leaped the young boatman  
Shoreward amain ;  
And in the blessing  
Of love's quick caressing,  
Soon were forgotten  
Peril and pain.

Rustled the palm-trees  
Low in the twilight ;  
Night on the waters  
Deepened afar ;  
Under their cover  
Clasped she her lover,  
While their hearts' throbings  
Answered each star !

Sad was the parting  
Under the palm-trees —  
Dark was the midnight  
When he had gone !  
Tempests uprisen  
Burst their cloud-prison ;  
Under their lightnings, burned  
Dimly the dawn.

Shattered the palm lay,  
Rent by the red bolt,  
While its lone brother  
Sighed in the gale :  
Shattered the shallop  
Sank in the surges ;  
Wild was the maiden's  
*Desolate wail !*

Perished the blighted  
Palm of the summit;  
Faded the maiden's  
Life with its own:  
Now on the rocky  
Front of Las Palmas,  
Mourn the wild sea-gusts,  
Drear and alone.

## NOTE S.

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(<sup>1</sup>) *Now saddle El Canalo*.—Page 65.

El Canalo, or the *cinnamon-colored*, is the name of the choicest breed of the Californian horse. These animals are capable of extraordinary speed and endurance, and between them and their riders exists the same constant friendship which characterizes the Arab and his steed. The noted ride of Col. Fremont from Pueblo de los Angeles to Monterey furnishes an evidence of what these horses have accomplished.

(<sup>2</sup>) *Midway on the Paso del Mar*!—Page 69.

A pass, similar to that described in the ballad, has been found on the Pacific Coast. There is a story told of two Highland Chieftains having met their death in a like quarrel, from a precipice on the Northern shore of Scotland.

(<sup>3</sup>) *Rio Sacramento*.—Page 72.

The valley of the Sacramento River is the garden of California, and contains the most flourishing American settlements which have been made in that region. The fall of the river from its source to its mouth, is very great, and its current is constantly broken by rapids and cataracts.

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### III.

#### **Life-Tones.**

“ Glissez comme une main sur la harpe qui vibre  
Glisse de corde en corde, arrachant à la fois  
A chaque corde une ame, à chaque ame une voix !”

*Lamartine.*



## A BACCHIC ODE.

WINE — bring wine !  
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,  
Brimming o'er with the draught divine !

The crimson glow  
Of the lifted cup on my forehead throw,  
Like the sunset's flush on a field of snow !

I burn to lave  
My eager lip in the purple wave ;  
Freedom bringeth the wine so brave !

The world is cold :  
Sorrow and pain have gloomy hold,  
Chilling the bosom warm and bold.

Doubts and fears  
Veil the shine of my morning years —  
My life's lone rainbow springs from tears !

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But Eden-gleams —  
Visit my soul in immortal dreams,  
When the wave of the goblet burns and beams.

Not from the Rhine  
Not from fields of Burgundian vine  
Bring me the bright Olympian wine !

Not with a ray  
Born where the winds of Shiraz play,  
Or the fiery blood of the ripe Tokay !

Not where the glee  
Of Falernian vintage echoes free,  
Or the Chian gardens gem the sea !

But wine — bring wine  
Flushing high with its growth divine,  
In the crystal depth of my soul to shine : —

Whose glow was caught  
From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought  
To the vintage-fields in the Land of Thought !

Rich and free  
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,  
Poured by the Hebe, Poesy.

## A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

WHEN the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp  
    Echo the startled chambers of the soul,  
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp  
    Where the archangel's marshaling trumpets roll,  
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,  
    Hushed, and o'erburthened with a nameless fear,  
When the breath flutters and the senses swim,  
    And the dread hour is near.

Though Love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,  
    As if to keep the Summoner at bay,  
And woman's woe and the calm grief of men  
    Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay —  
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,  
    Thus bound, from Darkness and the dread Unknown,  
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal brink.  
    Which it must dare alone !

But in the awful silence of the sky,  
Upon some mountain summit, never trod,  
Through the bright ether would I climb, to die  
Afar from mortals and alone with God !  
To the pure keeping of the stainless air.  
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,  
And with the rapture of an answered prayer  
Welcome the kiss of Death !

The soul, which wrestled with that doom of pain,  
Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,  
Would there forget the vulture and the chain  
And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier !  
All that it ever knew of noble thought,  
Would guide it upward on the glorious track,  
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought  
Turn its bright glances back.

Then to the elements my frame would turn ;  
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,  
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn  
In the slow storms of ages waste away !  
Loud winds and thunder's diapason high  
Should be my requiem through the coming time,  
And the white summit, fading in the sky,  
My monument sublime.

## THE ANGEL OF THE SOUL.

Una stella, una notte, ed una croce.

*Antonio Bisazza.*

SILENCE hath conquered thee, imperial Night !  
Thou sitt'st alone within her void, cold halls,  
Thy solemn brow uplifted, and thy soul  
Paining the space with dumb and mighty thought.  
The dreary wind ebbs, voiceless, round thy form,  
Following the stealthy hours, that wake no stir  
In the hushed velvet of thy mantle's fold.  
Thy thoughts take being : down the dusky aisles  
Go shapes of good, and beckoning ghosts of crime,  
And dreams of maddening beauty — hopes, that shine  
To darken, and in cloudy height sublime,  
The spectral march of some approaching Doom !  
Nor these alone, oh ! Mother of the world,  
People thy chambers, echoless and vast ;  
Their dewy freshness like ambrosia cools  
Life's fever-thirst, and to the fainting soul  
Their porphyry walls are touched with light, and gleams  
Of shining wonder dazzle through the void,

Like those bright marvels which the traveler's torch  
Wakes from the darkness of three thousand years,  
In rock-hewn sepulchres of Theban kings.

Prophets, whose brows of pale, unearthly glow  
Reflect the twilight of celestial dawns,  
And bards, transfigured in immortal song,  
Like eager children, kneeling at thy feet,  
Unclasp the awful volume of thy lore.

My soul goes down thy far, untrodden paths,  
To the dim verge of Being. There its step  
Touches the threshold of sublimer life,  
And through the boundless empyrean leaps  
Its prayer, borne like a faint, expiring cry,  
To angel-warders, listening as they pace  
The crystal walls of Heaven. Down the blue fields  
Of the untraveled Infinite, they come :  
Beneath their wings one sweet, dilating wave  
Thrills the pure deep, and bears my soul aloft,  
To walk amid their shining groups, and call  
Its guardian spirit, as an orphan calls  
His vanished brother, taken in childhood home :

“ White through my cradled dreams thy pinions waved,  
Lost Angel of the Soul ! thy presence led  
The babe's faint gropings through the glimmering dark  
And into Being's conscious dawn. Thy hand

Held mine in Childhood, and thy beaming cheek  
Lay close, like some fond playmate's, to mine own.  
Up to that boundary, whence the heart leaps forth  
To Life, like some wild torrent when the rains  
Pour dark and full upon the cloudy hills,  
Thy gentle footsteps wandered near to mine.  
Be with me now ! Oh, in the starry hush  
Of the deep night, that holds the earthly down  
In all my nature, bring to me again  
The early purity, which kept thy hand  
From the entrancing harp it held in Heaven !  
Through the warm starting of my hoarded tears,  
Let me behold thine eyes divine, as stars  
Gleam through the twilight vapors of the sea !

“ Not yet hast thou forsaken me. The prayer  
Whose crowning fervor lifts my nature up  
Midway to God, may still evoke thy form.  
Thou hast been with me, when the midnight dew  
Clung damp upon my brow, and the broad fields  
Stretched far and dim beneath the ghostly moon ;  
When the dark, awful woods were silent near,  
And with imploring hands toward the stars  
Clasped in mute yearning, I have questioned Heaven  
For the lost language of the book of Life.  
Oh, then thy face was glorious, and thy hair  
On the white moonbeam floating, veiled thy brow,

But in the holy sadness of thine eye  
Which held my spirit, tremblingly I saw  
Through rushing tears, the sign of angel-grief  
O'er the false promise of diviner years.  
From the far glide of some descending strain  
Of tenderest music, I have heard thy voice ;  
And thou hast called amid the stormy rush  
Of grand orchestral triumph, with a sound  
Resistless in its power. I feel the light  
Which is thine atmosphere, around my soul,  
When a great sorrow gulfs it from the world.

“Come back ! come back ! my heart grows faint, to know  
How thy withdrawing radiance leaves more dim  
The twilight borders of the night of Earth.  
Now when the bitter truth is learned ; when all  
That seemed so high and good but mocks its seeming —  
When the warm dreams of youth come shivering back,  
In the cold chambers of the heart to die —  
When, with the wrestling years, familiar grows  
The merciless hand of Pain, desert me not !  
Come with the true heart of the faithful Night,  
When I have cast away the masquing garb  
Of hollow Day, and lain my soul to rest  
On her consoling bosom ! From the founts  
Of thine exhaustless light, make clear the road  
Through toil and darkness, into God's repose !”

## THE ENCHANTED KNIGHT.

IN the solemn night, when the soul receives  
The dreams it has sighed for long,  
I mused o'er the charmed, romantic leaves  
Of a book of German Song.

From stately towers I saw the lords  
Ride out to the feudal fray ;  
I heard the ring of meeting swords  
And the Minnesinger's lay !

And, gliding ghost-like through my dream,  
Went the Erl-king with a moan,  
Where the wizard willow o'erhung the stream  
And the spectral moonlight shone.

I followed the hero's path, who rode  
In harness and helmet bright,<sup>1</sup>  
Through a wood where hostile elves abode,  
*In the glimmering noon of night.*

Banner and bugle's call had died  
Amid the shadows far,  
And a misty stream, from the mountain side,  
Dropped like a silver star.

Thirsting and flushed, from the steed he leapt,  
And quaffed from his helm unbound ;  
Then a mystic trance o'er his spirit crept  
And he sank to the elfin ground.

He slept in the ceaseless midnight cold  
By the faery spell possessed,  
His head sunk down, and his gray beard rolled  
On the rust of his armèd breast !

When a mighty storm-wind smote the trees  
And the crashing thunder fell,  
He raised the sword from its mould'ring ease  
And strove to burst the spell.

And thus may the fiery soul, that rides  
Like a knight to the field of foes,  
Drink of the chill world's tempting tides  
And sink to a charmed repose.

The warmth of the generous heart of Youth  
Will die in the frozen breast —

The look of Love and the voice of Truth  
Be charmed to a palsied rest !

In vain will the thunder a moment burst  
The chill of that torpor's breath ;  
The slumbering soul shall be wakened first  
By the Disenchanter, Death !

## A N H O U R.

I'VE left the keen, cold winds to blow  
    Around the summits bare ;  
My sunny pathway to the sea  
    Winds downward, green and fair,  
And bright-leaved branches toss and glow  
    Upon the buoyant air !

The fern its fragrant plumage droops  
    O'er mosses crisp and gray,  
Where on the shaded crags I sit,  
    Beside the cataract's spray,  
And watch the far-off, shining sails  
    Go down the sunny bay !

I've left the wintry winds of life  
    On barren hearts to blow —  
The anguish and the gnawing care,  
    The silent, shuddering woe !

Across the balmy sea of dreams  
My spirit-bark shall go !

Learned not the breeze its fairy lore  
Where sweetest measures throng ?  
A maiden sings, beside the stream,  
Some chorus, wild and long,  
Mingling and blending with its roar  
Like rainbows turned to song.

I hear it, like a strain that sweeps  
The confines of a dream ;  
Now fading into silent space,  
Now with a flashing gleam  
Of triumph, ringing through the deeps  
Of forest, dell and stream !

Away ! away ! I hear the horn  
Among the hills of Spain :  
The old, chivalric glory fires  
Her warrior-hearts again !  
Ho ! how their banners light the morn,  
Along Grenada's plain !

I hear the hymns of holy faith  
The red Crusaders sang,

And the silver horn of Ronçeval,<sup>2</sup>  
That o'er the tecbir rang  
When prince and kaiser through the fray  
To the paladin's rescue sprang !

A beam of burning light I hold !—  
My good Damascus brand,  
And the jet-black charger that I ride  
Was foaled in the Arab land,  
And a hundred horsemen, mailed in steel,  
Follow my bold command !

Through royal cities speeds our march —  
The minster-bells are rung ;  
The loud, rejoicing trumpets peal,  
The battle-flags are swung,  
And sweet, sweet lips of ladies praise  
The chieftain, brave and young.

And now, in bright Provençal bowers,  
A minstrel-knight am I :  
A gentle bosom on my own  
Throbs back its ecstasy ;  
A cheek, as fair as the almond flowers,  
Thrills to my lips' reply.

I tread the fanes of wondrous Rome,  
Crowned with immortal bay,  
And myriads throng the Capitol  
To hear my lofty lay,  
While, sounding o'er the Tiber's foam,  
Their shoutings peal away !

Oh, triumph such as this were worth  
The Poet's doom of pain,  
Whose hours are brazen on the earth,  
But golden in the brain :  
I close the starry gate of dreams,  
And walk the dust again.

## GAUTAMA'S SONG OF REST.<sup>3</sup>

How long, oh ! all-pervading Soul of Earth,  
Ere Thy last toils on this worn being close,  
And trembling with its sudden glory-birth,  
Its wings are folded in the lost repose !

Thy doom, resistless, on its travel lies  
Through weary wastes of labor and of pain,  
Where the soul falters, as its Paradise  
In far-off mirage fades and flies again.

From that pure realm of silence and of joy,  
The quickening glories of Thy slumber shine,  
Kindling to birth the lifeless world's alloy,  
Till its dead bosom bears a seed divine.

Through meaner forms the spirit slowly rose,  
Which now to meet its near Elysium burns ;  
Through toilsome ages, circling toward Repose,  
The sphere of Being on its axle turns !

Filled with the conscious essence that shall grow,  
Through many-changed existence, up to Man,  
The sighing airs of scented Ceylon blow,  
And desert whirlwinds whelm the caravan.

On the blue bosom of th' eternal deep  
It moves forever in the heaving tide ;  
And, throned on giant Himalaya's steep,  
It hurls the crashing avalanche down his side !

The wing of fire strives upward to the air,  
Bursting in thunder rock-bound hills apart,  
And the deep globe itself, complains to bear  
The earthquake beatings of its mighty heart !

Even when the waves are wearied out with toil,  
And in their caverns swoon the winds away,  
A thousand germs break through the yielding soil,  
And bees and blossoms charm the drowsy day.

In stillest calms, when Nature's self doth seem  
Sick for the far-off rest, the work goes on  
In deep old forests, like a silent dream,  
And sparry caves, that never knew the dawn.

From step to step, through long and weary time,  
The struggling atoms rise in Nature's plan,

Till dust instinctive reaches mind sublime—  
Till lowliest being finds its bloom in Man !

Here, on the borders of that Realm of Peace,  
The gathered burdens of existence rest,  
And like a sea whose surges never cease  
Heaves with its care the weary human breast.

Oh ! bright effulgence of th' Eternal Power,  
Break the worn band, and wide thy portals roll !  
With silent glory flood the solemn hour  
When star-eyed slumber welcomes back the soul !

Then shall the spirit sink in rapture down,  
Like some rich blossom drunk with noon tide's beam  
Or the wild bliss of music, sent to crown  
The wakening moment of a midnight dream.

Through all the luminous seas of ether there,  
Stirs not a trembling wave, to break the rest ;  
But fragrance, and the silent sense of prayer,  
Charm the eternal slumber of the Blest !

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## THE SOUL'S SONG OF ACTION.

LIKE the silver wing of starlight, sweeping on its silent race,

Widening forward and forever through eternities of space,  
Moves the human soul in longings and in thought and deed sublime,

On from summit unto summit, o'er the solemn hills of Time !

Earth would sink to Night and Chaos, were that golden draught no more

From the sun's o'erbrimming chalice on the thirsty gloom to pour,

And the spirit-planet darkens in its orbit blind and chill,  
When its flaming wings are folded and its pulse of lightning still.

Not with sweat of weary labor, as we shed on earthly soil,  
But with thrills of power and glory, goes the spirit to its toil —

To the long and eager striving for the grasp of things afar,  
Like the throbbing of the firefly for the lustre of the star !<sup>4</sup>

Toil and Grief and Self-denial, must its burdened pinions bear,  
Beating vainly for the freedom of the far empyreal air ;  
But above Earth's wail and struggling, like a trumpet in the van,  
Through the dim and listening ages, speaks the Destiny of Man !

From the living soul of Nature comes an echo to the heart,  
Filled with deep, resistless longing, when the fading beams depart —

When the holy shadows gather and the stars are in the sky,  
And a saddened fire of feeling kindles in the dewy eye.

When the noon of night is silent, and the silvery moonlight falls  
On the forest's branching columns, on its broken foliage-walls —  
Comes that starry presence nearer, hushing all the fearful air,  
Till the soul has prophet-glimpses of the glory it shall wear.

---

Not within the sick wind's sighing, nor in sleeping sea and field —

Outward types of weary toiling — are its oracles revealed ;  
But in shadows and in whispers from the void and vast Unknown,

And in thoughts whose holy beauty seems to come from God alone.

Far-away appears the gleaming of a radiant star of bliss,  
As if that sublime existence were foreshadowed unto this ;  
And the spirit, onward speeding, to the summit yet untrod,  
Sees the shining path of angels leading upward unto God.

Through the hushed and solemn portal, where a silent warder stands,

Rests its purer gaze, rejoicing, on the shores of better lands ;  
In the Night it triumphed over, lie the fetters it has worn,  
And it floats with wing unshackled on the golden tides of morn !

With a kingly grasp of knowledge shall it mount before the sun,

Adding realms of conquered Darkness to the wide dominion won :

There the lore of Truth Eternal shall the angel-mind employ,

And in active being blossom the immortal flowers of Joy !

## AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

HERE arches high the forest's golden ceiling,  
And hides the heaven of blue,  
Save where a dim and lonely ray is stealing  
The twining branches through.

Here mossed with age, stands many a hoary column,  
To prop the mighty hall ;  
Nought breaks the silence, undisturbed and solemn,  
Save when the dry leaves fall.

The world's annoyance to the wide air flinging,  
Alone I tread its floor ;  
What joy, to feel a purer thought upspringing,  
Within the wood once more !

Here, the good angels that my childhood guarded,  
Come to my side again,  
And by their presence is my soul rewarded  
For many an hour of pain.

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The Summer's beauty, by the frosts o'ershaded,  
May be with sadness fraught,  
Yet, wandering through her long pavilions faded,  
I read a joyous thought. •

Hopes that around us in their beauty hover,  
Fall like this forest-rain ;  
But, the stern winter of Misfortune over,  
They bloom as fresh again !

The spring-like verdure of the heart may perish  
Beneath some frosty care,  
But many a bud which Sorrow learned to cherish  
Will bloom again as fair.

Keep but the artless and confiding spirit  
That beamed on Childhood's brow,  
And when thy soul Life's Autumn shall inherit,  
Thou shalt rejoice as now !

## U P W A R D !

CEASE your wild fluttering, Thoughts that fill the soul !  
Silence awhile, 'tis but the hour of birth !  
Spurn not impatiently the mind's control,  
Nor seek the clouds ere ye have looked on earth !  
Still your strong beating till the day has gone  
And starry eve comes on !

Why would you sweep so proudly through the sky,  
With fearless wing the snow-crowned hills above,  
Where the strong eagle scarcely dares to fly  
And the cloud-armies thunder as they rove —  
Make in the solitude of storms your path  
And tempt the lightning's wrath ?

Will ye not linger in the earth's green fields  
Till the first feebleness of youth is o'er,

U P W A R D !

Clasp the fresh joy that young existence yields  
In the bright Present, and desire no more ?  
Lulled among blossoms, down Life's morning stream  
Glide, in Elysian dream ?

I pause. In might the thronging Thoughts arise :  
Hopes unfulfilled and glory yet afar,  
Vague, restless longings, that would seek the skies,  
And back in flame come like a falling star.  
I hear ye in the heart's loud beating seek  
A voice wherewith to speak.

“ Say, can the children of a loftier sphere  
Find on the earth the freedom they desire ?  
Can the strong spirit fold its pinions here  
And give to joy the utterance of its lyre ?  
Can the fledged eaglet, born where sunbeams burn,  
Back into darkness turn ?

“ Must not the wing that would aspire to sweep  
Through realms undarkened by the breath of ~~si~~  
Dare in its earliest flight the trackless deep,  
Nor faint and feebly on the earth begin —  
Mount as a soaring lark, in morning's glow,  
And leave the mists below ?

“ No soul can soar too loftily, whose aim  
Is God-given Truth and brother-love of man ;  
Who builds in hearts the altars of his fame,  
And ends in love what sympathy began.  
Spirit, ascend ! though far thy flight may be,  
God then is nearer thee.

1845.

## NOTE S.

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(<sup>1</sup>) *In harness and helmet bright*.—Page 95.

This old legend is told in Uhland's beautiful ballad, commencing :

“ Vor seinem Heergefolge ritt  
Der alte Held Harald —”

(<sup>2</sup>) *And the silver horn of Ronçeval*.—Page 100.

“ In spite of all the noise of the battle, the sound of Roland's horn broke over it like a voice out of the other world. They say that birds fell dead at it, and that the whole Saracen army drew back in terror.”—*Orlando Furioso*.

(<sup>3</sup>) *Gautama's Song of Rest*.—Page 102.

The Hindoo philosopher Gautama, now worshiped under the name of Buddha, lived in the fifth century before Christ. He taught the unity of God and Nature, or rather, that the physical and spiritual worlds are merely different conditions of an Eternal Being. In the spiritual state, this Being exists in perfect and blissful rest, whose emanations and overflowings enter the visible world, first in the lowest forms of nature, but rising through gradual and progressive changes till they reach man, who returns after death to the original rest and beatitude.

(<sup>4</sup>) *Like the throbbing of the firefly for the lustre of the star*.—Page 106.

“ The desire of the moth for the star —  
Of the night for the morrow ;  
The devotion for something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow !”

*Shelley.*

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## IV.

### Miscellaneous Poems.

“ And many a verse of such strange influence,  
That we must ever wonder how and whence  
It came.”

*Keats.*



## THE NORSEMAN'S RIDE.

THE frosty fires of Northern starlight  
Gleamed on the glittering snow,  
And through the forest's frozen branches  
The shrieking winds did blow ;  
A floor of blue and icy marble  
Kept ocean's pulses still,  
When, in the depth of dreary midnight,  
Opened the burial hill.

Then while a low and creeping shudder  
Thrilled upward through the ground,  
The Norseman came, as armed for battle,  
In silence from his mound ;  
He, who was mourned in solemn sorrow  
By many a swordsman bold,  
And harps that wailed along the ocean,  
Struck by the Skalds of old !

Sudden, a swift and silver shadow  
Came up from out the gloom —  
A charger that with hoof impatient,  
Stamped, noiseless, at the tomb.  
“ Ha, Surtur !<sup>1</sup> let me hear thy tramping,  
My fiery Northern steed,  
That, sounding through the stormy forest,  
Bade the bold Viking heed !”

He mounted : like a North-light streaking  
The sky with flaming bars,  
They, on the winds so wildly shrieking,  
Shot up before the stars.  
“ Is this thy mane, my fearless Surtur,  
That streams against my breast ?  
Is this thy neck, that curve of moonlight  
Which Helva's hand caressed ?

“ No misty breathing strains thy nostril,  
Thine eye shines blue and cold,  
Yet, mounting up our airy pathway,  
I see thy hoofs of gold !  
Not lighter o'er the springing rainbow  
Walhalla's gods repair,  
Than we, in sweeping journey over  
The bending bridge of air !

“ Far, far around, star-gleams are sparkling  
Amid the twilight space ;  
And Earth, that lay so cold and darkling,  
Has veiled her dusky face.  
Are those the Nornes that beckon onward,  
As if to Odin’s board,  
Where by the hands of warriors nightly  
The sparkling mead is poured ?

“ ‘Tis Skuld ! her star-eye speaks the glory  
That wraps the mighty soul,  
When on its hinge of music opens  
The gateway of the Pole—  
When Odin’s warder leads the hero  
To banquets never o’er,  
And Freya’s glances fill the bosom  
With sweetness evermore !

“ On ! on ! the Northern lights are streaming  
In brightness like the morn,  
And pealing far amid the vastness,  
I hear the Gjallarhorn !  
The heart of starry space is throbbing  
With songs of minstrels old,  
And now, on high Walhalla’s portal  
Gleam Surtur’s hoofs of gold !”

## THE VOICE OF THE FIRE.

THEY sat by the hearth-stone, broad and bright,  
Whose burning brands threw a cheerful light  
On the frosty calm of the winter's night.

Her radiant features wore the gleam  
Which childhood learns from an angel-dream,  
And her bright hair stirred in the flickering beam.

Those tresses soft to his lips were pressed,  
Her head was leaned on his happy breast,  
And the throb of the bosom his soul expressed ;

And ever a gentle murmur came  
From the clear, bright heart of the wavering flame,  
Like the faltering thrill of a worshiped name.

He kissed her on the warm, white brow,  
And told her in fonder words, the vow  
He whispered under the moonlit bough ;

And o'er them a steady radiance came  
From the shining heart of the mounting flame,  
Like a love that burns through life the same.

The maiden smiled through her joy-dimmed eyes,  
As he led her spirit to sunnier skies,  
Whose cloudless light on the Future lies —

And a moment paused the laughing flame,  
And it listened awhile, and then there came  
A cheery burst from its sparkling frame.

He visioned a home by pure love blest,  
Clasping their souls in a calmer rest,  
Like woodland birds in their leafy nest.

There slept, foreshadowed, the bliss to be,  
When a tenderer life that home should see  
In the wingless cherub that climbed his knee.

And the flame went on with its flickering song  
And beckoned and laughed to the lovers long,  
Who sat in its radiance, red and strong.

Then broke and fell a glimmering brand  
To the cold, dead ashes it fed and fanned,  
And its last gleam leaped like an infant's hand.

A sudden dread to the maiden stole,  
For a cloudy sorrow seemed to roll  
O'er the sunny landscape within her soul.

But hovering over its smoldering bed,  
Its ruddy pinions the flame outspread,  
And again through the chamber its glory shed :

And ever its chorus seemed to be  
The mingled voices of household glee,  
Like the gush of winds in a mountain-tree.

The night went on in its silent flow,  
As through the waving and wreathèd glow  
They watched the years of the Future go.

Their happy spirits learned the chime  
Of its laughing voice and murmured rhyme —  
A joyous music for after-time.

They felt a flame as glorious start,  
Where, side by side, they dwelt apart,  
In the quiet homestead of the heart.

---

## A VOICE FROM PIEDMONT.

“Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine Mountains cold.”

*Milton—Sonnet on the Massacres in Piedmont.*

BEND from that Heaven, whose visioned glories gave,  
Thou blind old Bard, the splendor of thy song,  
And give the godlike words which mortals crave,  
To speak, exulting, o'er the fallen Wrong !  
For lo ! the Avenger of that hour of blood  
Has heard at last thy summons, stern and grand —  
Has freed the children of the slaughtered brood,  
In the cold Alpine land !

O ! at the tardy word, whose thunder broke  
The chains of ages from that suffering flock,  
Methinks the mountain's giant soul awoke,  
And thrilled beneath th' eternal ribs of rock !  
The ancient glaciers brightened in the sky ;  
Beneath them, shouting, burst the jubilant rills,  
And the white Alps of Piedmont made reply  
To the free Vaudois hills !

And far below, in the green pasture-vales,  
The Waldense shepherd knelt upon the sod,  
While chapel-bells chimed on the mountain gales  
And every châlet sent its hymn to God !  
Matron and sire, and sweet-voiced peasant maid,  
And the strong hunter from the steeps of snow,  
Looked up to Him, whose help their fathers prayed,  
Through years of blood and woe.

Build now the sepulchres of martyrs old :  
Gather the scattered bones from every glen  
Where the red waves of pitiless slaughter rolled,  
When fell those brave and steadfast-hearted men !  
Piedmont is free ! and brightening with the years,  
Shall Freedom's sun upon her mountains shine ;  
While her proud children say, with joyous tears,  
“ The glory, Lord, be Thine !”

## “LITTLE PAUL.”

THROUGH the curtains poured the sunlight  
With a sudden gush of joy,  
Where, upon his bed of weakness,  
Lay the dying little boy.  
On the rising airs of Evening  
Balmy sounds of Summer came,  
And a Voice amid their music  
Seemed to call him by his name :  
And the golden waves were dancing  
On the flooded chamber-wall —  
On the sunny hair of Florence  
And the brow of little Paul !

As the sunset's tide, receding,  
Ebbed again into the sky,  
Passed the faint hue from his features  
And the lustre from his eye ;  
As if up the rosy surges  
Of that shining river's flow,

Went his spirit to the Angel  
Who had claimed it long ago !  
Fonder still, and full of yearning,  
Seemed to come her gentle call,  
And the throb of life grew fainter  
In the heart of little Paul !

But the fond arms of a sister  
Like a link around him lay,  
Chaining back his fluttering spirit  
To the love which was its stay ;  
And his own weak arms were folded  
In a clinging, dear embrace,  
Till his cheek and dewy forehead  
Rested gently on her face.  
Slowly sank his weary eyelids ;  
One faint breathing — that was all,  
And no more the kiss of Florence  
Thrilled the lips of little Paul !

## A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH.

SPEED swifter, Night ! — wild Northern Night,  
Whose feet the Arctic islands know,  
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,  
Gird the complaining shores of snow !  
Send all thy winds to sweep the wold  
And howl in mountain-passes far,  
And hang thy banners, red and cold,  
Against the shield of every star !

For what have I to do with morn,  
Or summer's glory in the vales —  
With the blithe ring of forest-horn,  
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails ?  
Art *thou* not gone, in whose blue eye  
The fleeting summer dawned to me ? —  
Gone, like the echo of a sigh  
Beside the loud, resounding sea !

Oh, brief that time of song and flowers,  
Which blessed, through thee, the Northern Land !  
I pine amid its leafless bowers  
And on the black and lonely strand.  
The forest wails the starry bloom  
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,  
But down my spirit's aisles of gloom  
Thy love shall blossom nevermore !

And nevermore shall battling pines  
Their solemn triumph sound for me ;  
Nor morning fringe the mountain-lines,  
Nor sunset flush the hoary sea ;  
But Night and Winter fill the sky  
And load with frost the shivering air,  
Till every gust that hurries by  
Chimes wilder with my own despair !

The leaden twilight, cold and long,  
Is slowly settling o'er the wave ;  
No wandering blast awakes a song  
In naked boughs, above thy grave.  
The frozen air is still and dark ;  
The numb earth lies in icy rest ;  
And all is dead save this one spark  
Of burning grief, within my breast.

Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more  
To Love's rejoicing summer back ;  
My spirit walks a wintry shore,  
With not a star to light its track.  
Speed swifter, Night ! thy gloom and frost  
Are free to spoil and ravage here ;  
This last wild requiem for the lost,  
I pour in thy unheeding ear !

## RE-UNION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL CHRISTIAN TENNER.

THE sun descends — in the chamber  
Sit father and mother and boy ;  
So fondly in love united,  
Their hearts run over with joy.

The sun descends — at the portal  
What may the knocking be ?  
Knocking and quietly calling :  
“ Come, father, come to me ! ”

The sun descends — and the father  
Struggles with fevered pain,  
Clasping the mournful mother  
And trembling child in vain.

The sun descends — at the portal  
What may the knocking be ?

---

**Knocking and quietly calling :**  
“ Come, mother, come to me !”

**The sun descends — and the mother**  
Holdeth the boy to her heart,  
Closely and warm, as if never  
Her fond embrace would part.

**The sun descends — there's a whisper**  
In the leaves of the threshold-tree,  
**Sadly and quietly calling :**  
“ Come, brother, come to me !”

**The sun descends — and smileth**  
The boy in the fading beam ;  
And, folding his small hands meekly,  
He sinks to a peaceful dream.

**The sun descends — in the chamber**  
’Tis silent, as ne’er before :  
**There echo the dear home-voices**  
From lips of love no more.

**The sun descends — in the darkness**  
The night-wind, cold and wild,  
**Sweeps over the gleaming grave-stones**  
Of father and mother and child.

## THE CONTINENTS.

I HAD a vision in that solemn hour,  
    Last of the year sublime,  
Whose wave sweeps downward, with its dying power  
    Rippling the shores of Time !  
On the bleak margin of that hoary sea  
    My spirit stood alone,  
Watching the gleams of phantom History  
    Which through the darkness shone :

Then when the bell of midnight, ghostly hands  
    Tolled for the dead year's doom,  
I saw the spirits of Earth's ancient lands  
    Stand up amid the gloom !  
The crownèd deities, whose reign began  
    In the forgotten Past,  
When first the glad world gave to sovereign Man  
    Her empires green and vast !

---

First queenly ASIA, from the fallen thrones  
Of twice three thousand years,  
Came with the wo a grieving goddess owns,  
Who longs for mortal tears.  
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung,  
And dimmed her crown of gold,  
While the majestic sorrows of her tongue  
From Tyre to Indus rolled :

“ Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of wo,  
Whose only glory streams  
From its lost childhood, like the arctic glow  
Which sunless Winter dreams !  
In the red desert moulders Babylon,  
And the wild serpent’s hiss www  
Echoes in Petra’s palaces of stone  
And waste Persepolis !

Gone are the deities who ruled enshrined  
In Elephanta’s caves,  
And Brahma’s wailings fill the odorous wind  
That stirs Amboyna’s waves !  
The ancient gods amid their temples fall,  
And shapes of some near doom,  
Trembling and waving on the Future’s wall,  
More fearful make my gloom !”

Then from her seat, amid the palms embowered  
That shade the Lion-land,  
Swart AFRICA in dusky aspect towered —  
The fetters on her hand !  
Backward she saw, from out her drear eclipse,  
The mighty Theban years,  
And the deep anguish of her mournful lips  
Interpreted her tears.

“ Wo for my children, whom your gyves have bound  
Through centuries of toil ;  
The bitter wailings of whose bondage sound  
From many a stranger-soil !  
Leave me but free, though the eternal sand  
Be all my kingdom now —  
Though the rude splendors of barbaric land  
But mock my crownless brow !”

- There was a sound, like sudden trumpets blown,  
A ringing, as of arms,  
When EUROPE rose, a stately Amazon,  
Stern in her mailèd charms.
- She brooded long beneath the weary bars  
That chafed her soul of flame,  
And like a seer, who reads the awful stars,  
Her words prophetic came :

“I hear new sounds along the ancient shore,  
Whose dull old monotone  
Of tides, that broke on many a system hoar,  
Wailed through the ages lone !  
I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn  
Beneath a stormy sky,  
And warning throes, my bosom long has borne,  
Proclaim the struggle nigh !”

O radiant-browed, the latest born of Time !  
How waned thy sisters old  
Before the splendors of thine eye sublime,  
And mien, erect and bold !  
Pure, as the winds of thine own forests are,  
Thy brow beamed lofty cheer,  
And Day’s bright oriflamme, the Morning Star,  
Flashed on thy lifted spear.

“I bear no weight,” so rang thy jubilant tones,  
“Of memories weird and vast —  
No crushing heritage of iron thrones,  
Bequeathed by some dead Past ;  
But mighty hopes that learned to tower and soar  
From my own peaks of snow —  
Whose prophecies in wave and woodland roar,  
When the free tempests blow !

“ Like spectral lamps, that burn before a tomb,  
The ancient lights expire ;  
I wave a torch, that floods the lessening gloom  
With everlasting fire !  
Crowned with my constellated stars, I stand  
Beside the foaming sea,  
And from the Future, with a victor’s hand  
Claim empire for the Free !”

## THE MOUNTAINS.

O DEEP, exulting freedom of the hills !  
O summits vast, that to the climbing view  
In naked glory stand against the blue !  
O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal fills  
Heaven's amethystine bowl ! O speeding streams,  
That foam and thunder from the cliffs below !  
O slippery brinks and solitudes of snow  
And granite bleakness, where the vulture screams !  
O stormy pines, that wrestle with the breath  
Of the young tempest, sharp and icy horns  
And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morns,  
And broad, dim wonders of the world beneath !  
I summon ye, and 'mid the glare which fills  
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills !

## FREEDOM.

Is there no haven, where the heart may rest  
In the warm folding of its love and truth ? •  
No prairie freedom, where the steed of Youth  
Careers at will, by Life's strong curb unprest,  
Nor spurred to foam by hot Necessity ?  
Dare the great soul a lavish largess take  
Of Being, and its own brave journey make  
O'er grandest hills and by the loudest sea ?  
Alas ! a cruel hand is at the rein,  
And the fair heights whose summits lie so near,  
In the thick dust of travel disappear,  
And the fierce spirit chafes its curb of pain ;—  
Yet, having thee, all this the heart may dare,  
In the unbounded freedom of Love's air.

•

---

## LIFE.

O LIFE ! O Life ! art thou a mocking cheat,  
That, with thy flush and fervor in my blood,  
Teachest my heart a high, heroic mood  
And passion-joy in all things fair and fleet ?  
I know the trumpet-winds will join no more  
With the high stars and billowed sea, to bring  
A prouder beat to my soul's mounting wing —  
That when a few warm summers shall be o'er  
And thy last vintage pours its scanty wine,  
All these quick flames will die in ashes low,  
The leaden pulse forget its leaping flow,  
And faded lie the flowers of Love divine :  
When these, thy bounties, fail to warm my breath,  
Leave me, false Life, and send thy brother, Death !

## E V I L.

O POWER of Evil, whatsoe'er thou art,  
What if I shudder with a freezing dread,  
When, heralded by no far-coming tread,  
I feel thy sudden shadow on my heart ?  
What if my being, with a shrinking start,  
Cries through the darkness, when thy mocking laugh  
Readest each broken Hope's sad epitaph ?  
Though in their ruin thou hast borne thy part,  
They slumber yet in consecrated ground,  
Watered by tears my better angel sheds,  
And when my soul beneath their cypress treads,  
Deem not thy fierce, dark whispers there may sound :  
The Good which blessed me, in the very grave  
Dug by thy hands, is mighty still to save !

---

## THE DEMON OF THE MIRROR.<sup>2</sup>

WHERE the orange branches mingled  
On the sunny garden-side,  
In a rare and rich pavilion  
Sat the beautiful Sicilian —  
Sat the Count Alberto's bride,  
Musing sadly on his absence, in the balmy evening-tide.

She had grown, in soul and beauty,  
Like her own delicious clime —  
With the warmth and radiance showered  
On its gardens, citron-bowered,  
And its winds that woo in rhyme :  
With its fiery tropic fervors, and its Etna-throes sublime !

Near her stood the fair Bianca,  
Once a shepherd's humble child,  
Who with tender hand was twining  
Through her tresses, raven-shining,

Pearls of lustre pure and mild ;  
And the Lady in the mirror saw their braided gleam, and  
smiled.

Falling over brow and bosom,  
Swept her dark and glossy hair ;  
And the flash on Etna faded,  
As Bianca slowly braided  
With her fingers small and fair,  
While a deeper shadow gathered o'er the chamber's scented air.

On the jeweled mirror gazing,  
Spake the Lady not a word,  
When, within its picture certain,  
Slowly moved the silken curtain,  
Though the breezes had not stirred,  
And its faintly falling rustle on the marble was unheard.

Breathless, o'er her tender musing  
Came a strange and sudden fear ;  
With a nameless, chill foreboding,  
All her fiery spirit goading,  
Listened she with straining ear ;  
Through the dusky laurel foliage, all was silent, far and  
*near!*

---

Not a stealthy footfall sounded  
On the tessellated floor ;  
Yet she saw, with secret terror,  
Count Alberto, in the mirror,  
Stealing through the curtained door,  
Like a fearful, shadowy spirit, whom a curse is hanging  
o'er.

What ! so soon from far Palermo ?  
Has he left the feast of pride —  
Has he left the knightly tourney  
For the happy homeward journey  
And the greeting of his bride ?  
Coldly, darkly, in her bosom, the upspringing rapture died !

With a glance of tender meaning  
On the maid he softly smiled,  
And the answering smile, and token  
In her glowing blushes spoken,  
Well betrayed the shepherd's child :  
To her gaze, within the mirror, stood that picture dim and  
wild !

Moved again the silken curtain,  
As he passed without a sound ;

Then the sunset's fading ember  
Died within the lonely chamber,  
And the darkness gathered round,  
While in passion's fierce delirium was the Lady's bosom  
bound.

Threat'ning shadows seemed to gather  
In the twilight of the room,  
And the thoughts, vibrating changeful  
Through her spirit, grew revengeful  
With their whisperings of doom :  
Starting suddenly, she vanished far amid the deep'ning  
gloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the stillness of the forest  
Falls a timid, trembling gleam,  
With a ruby radiance sparkling  
On the rill that ripples darkling  
Through the thicket, like a dream :  
'Tis from out the secret chamber, where are met the Holy  
Vehm !<sup>3</sup>

Wizard rocks around the entrance  
Dark and grim, like sentries, stand ;

And within the ghostly grotto  
Sits the gloomy Baron Otto,  
Chieftain of the dreaded band,  
Who in darkness and in secret ruled Sicilia's sunny land.

As in sable vestments shrouded  
Sat the ministers of doom,  
Came a step by terror fleetened,  
And the dank, foul air was sweetened  
With the orange-buds' perfume,  
And the starry eyes of jewels shone amid the sullen gloom.

Then uprose the gloomy Otto —  
Sternly wrinkled was his brow ;  
“ Why this sudden, strange intrusion  
On the holy Vehm's seclusion ?  
Why thus madly comest thou,  
Noble Lady, claiming vengeance from the Brothers of the  
Vow ? ”

“ There is one among your Order  
Whom I dare to sue for aid :  
Will a brother's dagger falter,  
When the bridegroom from the altar  
Hath his bosom's vow betrayed,  
And the princely bride is slighted for a low-born peasant  
maid ? ”

Straight the summoned one departed  
Out into the starry air ;  
Cold the silence seemed, and dreary,  
And the moments grew more weary,  
While the Lady waited there  
With a deep, uncertain anguish, which her spirit scarce  
could bear.

Mingled thoughts of love and vengeance  
Madly battled in her brain ;  
All her bosom's passionate feeling  
Struggled with the dread revealing,  
Till her eyes o'ergushed in rain —  
Then anon they flashed and kindled, and her soul grew  
stern again !

Once a sweet and happy vision  
Nigh her fiery will had won —  
When the silver lamp of Hesper  
Twinkled through the silent vesper,  
And their bosoms beat as one,  
Thrilling o'er with too much fervor, like a blossom in the  
sun.

Olden worlds in music echoed  
*Through her heart's forsaken bowers ;*

But its buds of love were rifled,  
And the spirit-voice was stifled,  
Which would tell of tender hours ;  
Nevermore might second sunshine bid re-bloom its per-  
ished flowers !

Still that dark foreboding lingered  
Over all her pride and hate,  
Like a stifling mist, that ever  
Hangs above a burning river  
With its dull and stagnant weight :  
Slowly up the spectral Future crept the shadows of her  
fate.

Now the eastern stars had mounted,  
And the midnight watch was o'er,  
When her long suspense was broken  
By a hasty watchword spoken,  
And a dark form passed the door.  
Blood was on his golden scabbard, and the sable robe he  
wore.

“ By this blade, most noble Lady,  
Have I done thy will aright !”  
Then, upstarting from her languor,  
Cried she, in returning anger :

“Where repos'd the trait'rous knight?  
Didst thou tear him from *her* clasping — strike him down  
before her sight?”

“Nay, not so; in bright Palermo,  
Where the tourney's torches shine —  
In the gardens of the palace,  
Did the green earth, from its chalice  
Drink his bosom's brightest wine,  
And the latest name that faltered on his dying lips, was  
*thine!*”

With a scream, as agonizing  
In its horror and despair,  
As if life's last hold were started,  
Ere the soul in torture parted,  
Stood she, pale and shuddering there,  
With her face of marble lifted in the cavern's noisome air.

“God of Heaven! that fearful image,  
On the mirror's surface thrown!  
Not Alberto, but a demon,  
Looked on her as on a leman,  
And the guilt is mine alone!  
Now that demon-shadow haunts me, and its curse is made  
my own!”

“ See ! its dead, cold eyes, are glaring  
Through the darkness, steadily ;  
And it holds a cloudy mirror,  
Imaging that scene of terror,  
Which was bloody death to *thee* !  
Mocking now thy noble features, turns its fearful gaze on  
me !

“ And I see, beneath their seeming,  
How the demon features glow !  
Ghastly shadows rise before me,  
And the darkness gathers o'er me,  
With its never-ending wo —  
Now I feel, avenging spirits ! how your spells of madness  
grow !”

With a shriek, prolonged and painful,  
Through the wood she fled afar,  
Where the air was awed and fearful,  
And between the boughs the tearful  
Shining of a dewy star  
Pierced alone the solid darkness which enclosed her as a bar.

Night by night, in gloom and terror,  
From the crag and from the glen  
Came those cries, the quiet breaking,  
Till the shepherd dogs, awaking,

Bayed in loud and mournful pain,  
And the vintager, benighted, trembled on the distant plain.

Years went by, and stranger footsteps  
Rang in castle, bower and hall ;  
Yet the shrieks, at midnight ringing,  
Spoke the curse upon it clinging,  
And they left it to its fall,  
And an utter desolation slowly settled over all.

Still, when o'er the brow of Etna  
Livid shades begin to roll,  
Tell the simple herdsman, daunted  
By the twilight, terror-haunted,  
How she felt the fiend's control,  
And they sign the cross in saying — “God in mercy keep  
her soul !”

## L'ENVOL.

TO ——.

I'VE passed the grim and threatening warders  
That guard the vestibule of Song,  
And traced the print of bolder footsteps  
The lengthened corridors along ;  
Where every thought I strove to blazon  
Beside the bannered lays of old,  
Was dim below some bright escutcheon,  
Or shaded by some grander fold.

I saw, in veiled and shadowy glimpses,  
The solemn halls expand afar,  
And through the twilight, half despairing,  
Looked trembling up to find a star :  
Till, in the rush of wings, awakened  
My soul to utterance bold and strong,  
And with impassioned exultation  
I reveled in the rage of song !

Then, though the world beside, unheeding,  
 Heard other voices than my own,  
 Thou, thou didst mark the broken music,  
 And cheered its proud, aspiring tone :  
 Thou cam'st in many a glorious vision  
 To lead my eager spirit on,  
 Thine eye the morning-star of promise,  
 That from heaven's towers beheld the dawn.

I linger on the haunted threshold  
 Where greater poets walk apart,  
 Filling with splendor and with freedom  
 The pulses of the world's cold heart ; —  
 Their clarion-voices bid my spirit  
 The opening gates behind me cast,  
 For Poesy looks ever forward,  
 And never may recall her Past !

Why fear to tread those mighty chambers ?  
 Thou still art near me, as of old,  
 And half I deem to hear *thy* welcome,  
 When the shrined Presence I behold.  
 Take, then, these echoes of thy being,  
 My glowing lips have striven to frame ;  
 For when I speak what thou inspirlest,  
 I know my songs are nearest fame.

## NOTES.

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(<sup>1</sup>) *Ha, Surtur ! let me hear thy tramping.*—Page 118.

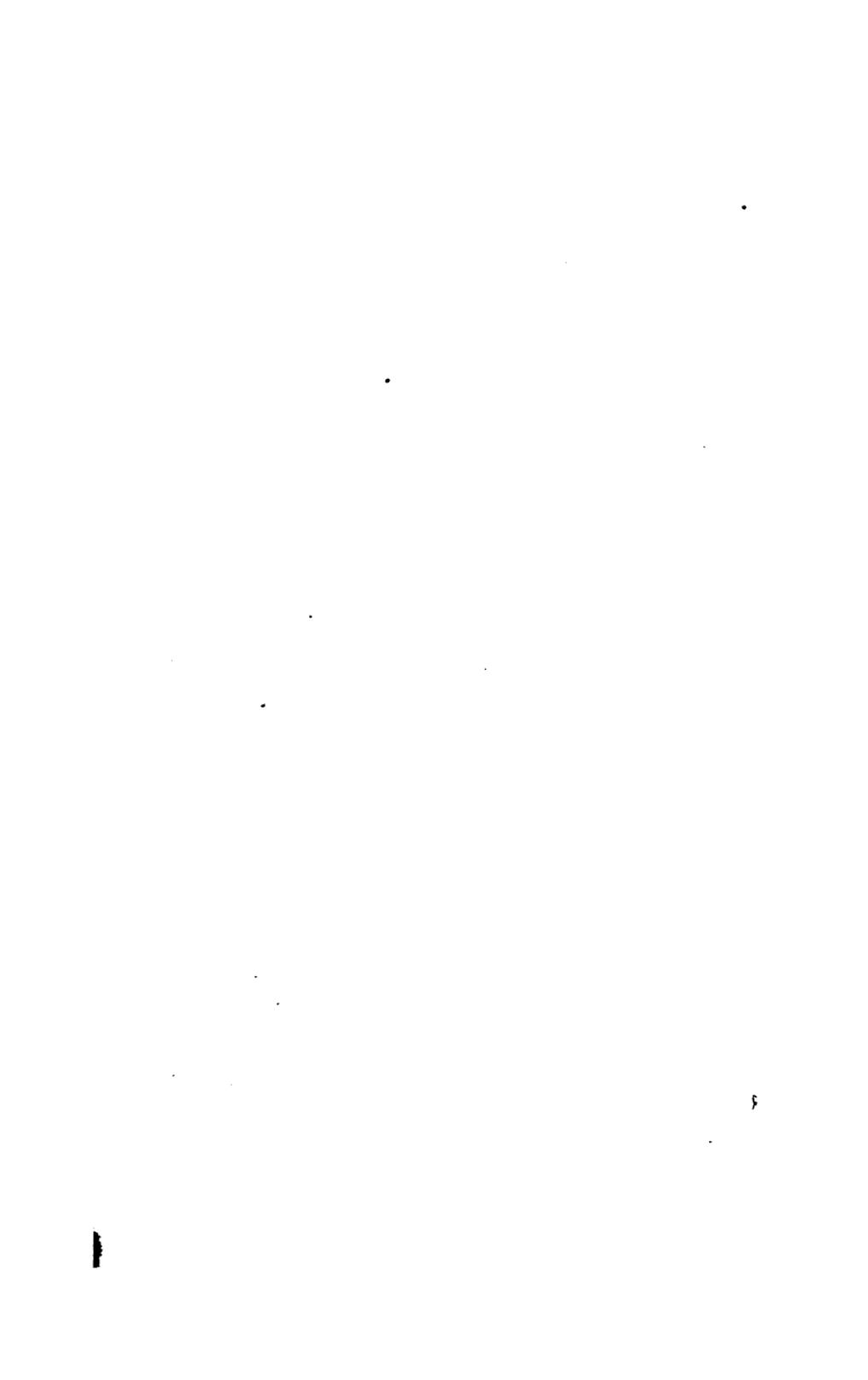
This is the name of the Scandinavian God of Fire, and might have been appropriately applied to a spirited steed. Skuld, mentioned in the seventh stanza, was the Norne—or Fate—of the Future, and Freya the Northern Goddess of Love. The Gjallarhorn was supposed to be blown by the sentinels of the rainbow—in Northern Mythology the bridge of the Gods—whenever the divinities of the Walhalla passed over its arch.

(<sup>2</sup>) *The Demon of the Mirror.*—Page 141.

This poem was suggested by a ballad which appears in a volume of modern Sicilian poetry, published at Naples in 1845. The author, Antonio Bisazza, is quite young, and unknown out of Italy. The plot of the story has been materially changed in the present poem, and the language bears no resemblance to the Italian. For the apparition in the mirror, however, from which the whole story 'grew, I freely acknowledge my indebtedness to the young Sicilian poet.

(<sup>3</sup>) *'Tis from out the secret chamber, where are met the Holy Vehm !—*  
Page 144.

I am aware that the name of the Holy Vehm—that dreaded Order of the Middle Ages—belongs properly to Germany; but as branches of it were known to exist in Italy and Sicily, I have thought best to retain the title. The abject obedience to its laws, imposed by this Order on its members, made it one of the most powerful, and at the same time the most dreaded body, which sprang from conditions of society during that period.



A B O O K

OF

ROMANCES, LYRICS, AND SONGS,

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LII.

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CAMBRIDGE:  
**METCALF AND COMPANY,**  
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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### LYRICS.

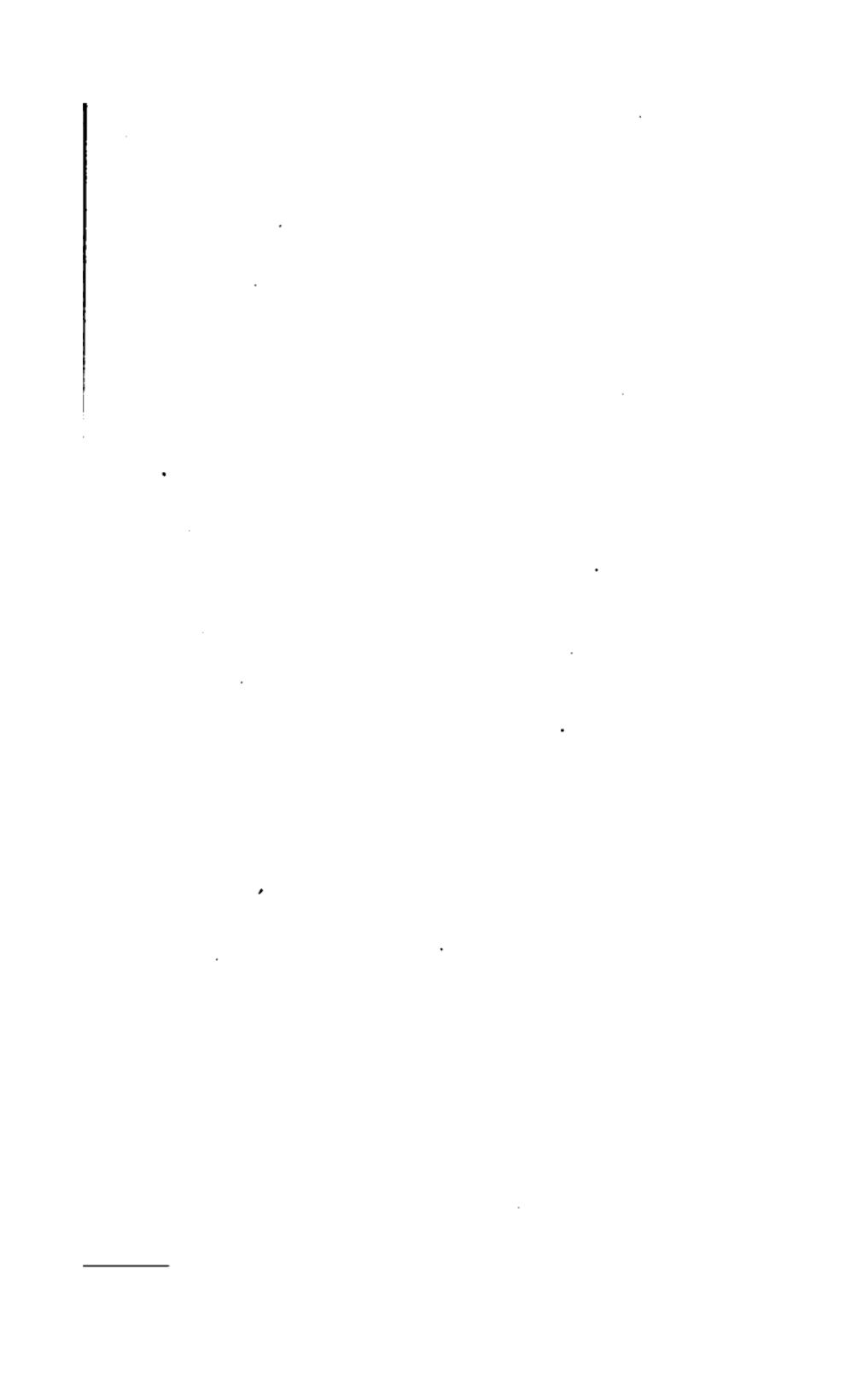
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## SONGS AND SONNETS.

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# ROMANCES.



MON-DA-MIN ;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF MAIZE.

I.

LONG ere the shores of green America  
Were touched by men of Norse and Saxon blood,  
What time the Continent in silence lay,  
A solemn world of forest and of flood,  
Where Nature wantoned wild in zones immense,  
Unconscious of her own magnificence ;

II.

Then to the savage race, who knew no world  
Beyond the hunter's lodge, the council-fire,  
The clouds of grosser sense were sometimes furled,  
And spirits came to answer their desire,—  
The spirits of the race, grotesque and shy ;  
Exaggerated powers of earth and sky.

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## III.

For Gods resemble whom they govern : they,  
The fathers of the soil, may not outgrow  
The children's vision. In that earlier day,  
They stooped the race familiarly to know ;  
From Heaven's blue prairies they descended then,  
And took the shapes and shared the lives of men.

## IV.

A chief there was, who in the frequent stress  
Of want, yet in contentment, lived his days ;  
His lodge was built within the wilderness  
Of Huron, clasping those transparent bays,  
Those deeps of unimagined crystal, where  
The bark canoe seems hung in middle air.

## V.

There, from the lake and from the uncertain chase  
With patient heart his sustenance he drew ;  
And he was glad to see, in that wild place,  
The sons and daughters that around him grew,  
Although more scant they made his scanty store,  
And in the winter moons his need was sore.

## VI.

The eldest was a boy, a silent lad,  
 Who wore a look of wisdom from his birth ;  
 Such beauty, both of form and face, he had,  
 As until then was never known on earth,  
 And so he was (his soul so bright and far !)  
 Osséo named, — Son of the Evening Star.

## VII.

This boy by nature was companionless ;  
 His soul drew nurture only when it sucked  
 The savage dugs of Fable ; he could guess  
 The knowledge other minds but slowly plucked  
 From out the heart of things ; to him, as well  
 As to his Gods, all things were possible.

## VIII.

The heroes of that shapeless faith of his  
 Took life from him : when gusts of powdery snow  
 Whirled round the lodge, he saw Paup-puckewiss  
 Floundering amid the drifts, and he would go  
 Climbing the hills, while sunset faded wan,  
 To seek the feathers of the Rosy Swan.

## IX.

He knew the lord of serpent and of beast,  
 The crafty Incarnation of the North ;  
 He knew, when airs grew warm and buds increased,  
 The sky was pierced, the Summer issued forth,  
 And when a cloud concealed some mountain's crest,  
 The Bird of Thunder brooded on his nest.

## X.

Through Huron's mists he saw the enchanted boat  
 Of old Mishosha to his island go,  
 And oft he watched, if on the waves might float,  
 As once, the Fiery Plume of Wassamo ;  
 And when the moonrise flooded coast and bay,  
 He climbed the headland, stretching far away ;

## XI.

For there — so ran the legend — nightly came  
 The small Puck-wudjees, ignorant of harm :  
 The friends of Man, in many a sportive game  
 The nimble elves consoled them for the charm  
 Which kept them exiled from their homes afar, —  
 The silver lodges of a twilight star.

## XII.

So grew Osséo, as a lonely pine,  
 That knows the secret of the wandering breeze,  
 And ever sings its canticles divine,  
 Uncomprehended by the other trees :  
 And now the time drew nigh, when he began  
 The solemn fast whose issue proves the man.

## XIII.

His father built a lodge the wood within,  
 Where he the appointed space should duly bide,  
 Till such propitious time as he had been  
 By faith prepared, by fasting purified,  
 And in mysterious dreams allowed to see  
 What God the guardian of his life would be.

## XIV.

The anxious crisis of the Spring was past,  
 And warmth was master o'er the lingering cold.  
 The alder's catkins dropped ; the maple cast  
 His crimson bloom, the willow's downy gold  
 Blew wide, and softer than a squirrel's ear  
 The white-oak's foxy leaves began appear.

## XV.

There was a motion in the soil. A sound  
 Lighter than falling seeds, shook out of flowers,  
 Exhaled where dead leaves, sodden on the ground,  
 Repressed the eager grass ; and there for hours  
 Osséo lay, and vainly strove to bring  
 Into his mind the miracle of Spring.

## XVI.

The wood-birds knew it, and their voices rang  
 Around his lodge ; with many a dart and whirr  
 Of saucy joy, the shrewish cat-bird sang  
 Full-throated, and he heard the kingfisher,  
 Who from his God escaped with rumpled crest,  
 And the white medal still upon his breast.

## XVII.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks  
 A scarlet rain ; the yellow violet  
 Sat in the chariot of its leaves ; the phlox  
 Held spikes of purple flame in meadows wet,  
 And all the streams with vernal-scented reed  
 Were fringed, and streaky bells of miskodeed.

## XVIII.

The boy went musing: what are these, that burst  
 The sod and grow, without the aid of man?  
 What father brought them food? what mother nursed  
 Them in her earthy lodge, till Spring began?  
 They cannot speak; they move but with the air;  
 Yet souls of evil or of good they bear.

## XIX.

How are they made, that some with wholesome juice  
 Delight the tongue, and some are charged with death?  
 If spirits them inhabit, they can loose  
 Their shape sometimes, and talk with human breath:  
 Would that in dreams one such would come to me,  
 And thence my teacher and my guardian be!

## xx.

So, when more languid with his fast, the boy  
 Kept to his lodge, he pondered much thereon,  
 And other memories gave his mind employ;  
 Memories of winters when the moose were gone,—  
 When tales of Manabozo failed to melt  
 The hunger-pang his pining brothers felt.

## xxi.

He thought : the Mighty Spirit knows all things,  
 Is master over all. Could He not choose  
 Design His children food to ease the stings  
 Of hunger, when the lake and wood refuse ?  
 If He will bless me with the knowledge, I  
 Will for my brothers fast until I die.

## xxii.

Four days were sped since he had tasted meat ;  
 Too faint he was to wander any more,  
 When from the open sky, that, blue and sweet,  
 Looked in upon him through the lodge's door,  
 With quiet gladness he beheld a fair  
 Celestial Shape descending through the air.

## xxiii.

He fell serenely, as a wingèd seed  
 Detached in summer from the maple bough ;  
 His glittering clothes unruffled by the speed,  
 The tufted plumes unshaken on his brow :  
 Bright, wonderful, he came without a sound,  
 And like a burst of sunshine struck the ground.

## xxiv.

So light he stood, so tall and straight of limb,  
 So fair the heavenly freshness of his face,  
 Osséo looked with beating heart at him,  
 For now a God had visited the place.  
 More brave a God his dreams had never seen :  
 The stranger's garments were a shining green,

## xxv.

Sheathing his limbs in many a stately fold,  
 That, parting on his breast, allowed the eye  
 To note beneath, his vest of scaly gold,  
 Whereon the drops of slaughter, scarcely dry,  
 Disclosed their blushing stain : his shoulders fair  
 Gave to the wind long tufts of silky hair.

## xxvi.

The plumpy crest, that high and beautiful  
 Above his head its branching tassels hung,  
 Shook down a golden dust, while, fixing full  
 His eyes upon the boy, he loosed his tongue.  
 Deep in his soul Osséo did rejoice  
 To hear the reedy music of his voice :

## XXVII.

“ By the Great Spirit I am hither sent.  
 He knows the wishes whereupon you feed, —  
 The soul, that, on your brothers’ good intent,  
 Would sink ambition to relieve their need :  
 This thing is grateful to the Master’s eye,  
 Nor will His wisdom what you seek, deny.

## XXVIII.

“ But blessings are not free ; they do not fall  
 In listless hands ; by toil the soul must prove  
 Its steadfast purpose master over all,  
 Before their wings in pomp of coming move :  
 Here, wrestling with me, must you overcome,  
 In me, the secret, — else, my lips are dumb.”

## XXIX.

No match for his, Osséo’s limbs appeared,  
 Weak with the fast ; and yet in soul he grew  
 Composed and resolute, by accents cheered,  
 That spoke in light what he but darkly knew.  
 He rose, unto the issue nerved ; he sent  
 Into his arms the hope of the event.

## xxx.

The shining stranger wrestled long and hard,  
 When, disengaging weary limbs, he said :  
 “ It is enough ; with no unkind regard  
 The Master’s eye your toil hath visited.  
 He bids me cease ; to-day let strife remain,  
 But on the morrow I will come again.”

## xxxI.

And on the morrow came he as before,  
 Dropping serenely down the deep-blue air :  
 More weak and languid was the boy, yet more  
 Courageous he, that crowning test to bear.  
 His soul so wrought in every fainting limb,  
 It seemed the cruel fast had strengthened him.

## xxxII.

Again they grappled, and their sinews wrung  
 In desperate emulation ; and again  
 Came words of comfort from the stranger’s tongue  
 When they had ceased. He scaled the heavenly plain,  
 His tall, bright stature lessening as he rose,  
 Till lost amid the infinite repose.

## XXXIII.

On the third day descending as before,  
 His raiment's gleam surprised the silent sky ;  
 And weaker still the poor boy felt, yet more  
 Courageous he, and resolute to die,  
 So he might first the promised good embrace,  
 And leave a blessing unto all his race.

## XXXIV.

This time with intertwining limbs they strove ;  
 The God's green mantle shook in every fold,  
 And o'er Osséo's heated forehead drove  
 His silky hair, his tassel's dusty gold,  
 Till, spent and breathless, he at last forbore,  
 And sat to rest beside the lodge's door.

## XXXV.

“ My friend,” he said, “ the issue now is plain ;  
 Who wrestles in his soul must victor be ;  
 Who bids his life in payment shall attain  
 The end he seeks—and you will vanquish me.  
 Then, these commands fulfilling, you shall win  
 What the Great Spirit gives in Mon-da-Min.

## XXXVI.

“ When I am dead, strip off this green array,  
 And pluck the tassels from my shrivelled hair ;  
 Then bury me where summer rains shall play  
 Above my breast, and sunshine linger there.  
 Remove the matted sod ; for I would have  
 The earth lie lightly, softly on my grave.

## XXXVII.

“ And tend the place, lest any noxious weed  
 Through the sweet soil should strike its bitter root ;  
 Nor let the blossoms of the forest breed,  
 Nor the wild grass in green luxuriance shoot ;  
 But when the earth is dry and blistered, fold  
 Thereon the fresh and dainty-smelling mould.

## XXXVIII.

“ The clamoring crow, the blackbird swarms that make  
 The meadow trees their hive, must come not near ;  
 Scare thence all hurtful things ; nor quite forsake  
 Your careful watch, until the woods appear  
 With crimson blotches deeply dashed and crossed, —  
 Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.

## XXXIX.

“ This done, the secret, into knowledge grown,  
 Is yours for evermore.” With that, he took  
 The yielding air. Osséo, left alone,  
 Followed his flight with hope-enraptured look.  
 The pains of hunger fled ; a happy flame  
 Danced in his heart until the trial came.

## XL.

It happened so, as Mon-da-Min foretold :  
 Osséo’s soul, at every wreathing twist  
 Of palpitating muscle, grew more bold,  
 And from the limbs of his antagonist  
 Celestial vigor to his own he drew,  
 Till with one mighty heave he overthrew.

## XLI.

Then from the body, beautiful and cold,  
 He stripped the shining clothes ; but on his breast  
 He left the vest, engrained with blushing gold,  
 And covered him in decent burial-rest.  
 At sunset to his father’s lodge he passed,  
 And soothed with meat the anguish of his fast.

## XLII.

Naught did he speak of all that he had done,  
 But day by day in secrecy he sought  
 An opening in the forest, where the sun  
 Warmed the new grave: so tenderly he wrought,  
 So lightly heaped the mould, so carefully  
 Kept all the place from choking herbage free,

## XLIII.

That in a little while a folded plume  
 Pushed timidly the covering soil aside,  
 And, fed by fattening rains, took broader room,  
 Until it grew a stalk, and rustled wide  
 Its leafy garments, lifting in the air  
 Its tasselled top, and knots of silky hair.

## XLIV.

Osséo marvelled to behold his friend  
 In this fair plant; the secret of the Spring  
 Was his at length; and till the Summer's end  
 He guarded him from every harmful thing.  
 He scared the cloud of blackbirds, wheeling low;  
 His arrow pierced the reconnoitring crow.

## XLV.

Now came the brilliant mornings, kindling all  
 The woody hills with pinnacles of fire ;  
 The gum's ensanguined leaves began to fall,  
 The buckeye blazed in prodigal attire,  
 And frosty vapors left the lake at night  
 To string the prairie grass with spangles white.

## XLVI.

One day, from long and unsuccessful chase  
 The chief returned. Osséo through the wood  
 In silence led him to the guarded place,  
 Where now the plant in golden ripeness stood.  
 "Behold, my father!" he exclaimed, "our friend,  
 Whom the Great Spirit unto me did send

## XLVII.

"Then, when I fasted, and my prayer He knew,  
 That He would save my brothers from their want ;  
 For this, His messenger I overthrew,  
 And from his grave was born this glorious plant.  
 'T is Mon-da-Min : his sheathing husks inclose  
 Food for my brothers in the time of snows.

## XLVIII.

“ I leave you now, my father ! Here befits  
 Me longer not to dwell. My pathway lies  
 To where the West Wind on the mountain sits,  
 And the Red Swan beyond the sunset flies :  
 There may superior wisdom be in store.”  
 And so he went, and he returned no more.

## XLIX.

But Mon-da-Min remained, and still remains ;  
 His children cover all the boundless land,  
 And the warm sun and frequent mellow rains  
 Shape the tall stalks and make the leaves expand.  
 A mighty army they have grown : he drills  
 Their green battalions on the summer hills.

## L.

And when the silky hair hangs crisp and dead,  
 Then leave their rustling ranks the tasseled peers,  
 In broad encampment pitch their tents instead,  
 And garner up the ripe autumnal ears :  
 The annual storehouse of a nation’s need,  
 From whose abundance all the world may feed.

## LOVE AND SOLITUDE.

## I.

EARTH knew no deeper life since Earth began,  
And scarce the Heaven above :  
For us the world contains no ban ;  
In the profoundest measure given to Man,  
We love, we love !  
O, in that sound, completion lies  
For all imperfect destinies.  
It is a pulse of joy, that rings  
The marriage-peal of Nature, brings  
The lonely heart, the humblest and the least,  
To share her royal feast ;  
No more an outcast on her sod  
Or at her board a stinted guest,  
But now in purple raiment dressed  
And heir to all delight, that she receives of God !

## II.

A balmy breath is breathed upon the land,  
And through the spirit's inmost cells  
It floats and swells,  
Till at the touch of its persuading hand  
The jealous bolts give way, and every door  
Stands wide for evermore.

Not only there, dear love, not only there  
Where Love's warm chambers front the morning air,  
Thy soul may walk, and in the secret bower  
Where burns the holiest fire that Heaven lets fall,  
And with Ambition, in his blazoned hall,  
Hope, in her airy tower !

The heart has other guests than these,  
More secret halls, more solemn mysteries.  
Dark crypts, beheld of none,  
Throne darker powers, that flee the sun,  
Chained far below, and heard at intervals  
When all is still, and through the trembling walls  
Some guilty whisper calls ;  
Or, when the storms have blown  
And the house rocks upon its basement stone,  
They wring their chains with clamor that appals  
The pale-cheeked lord. To thee  
Those awful crypts and corridors are free.  
Thou through the darkened hush mayst glide,

White and serene, with unaffrighted breath,  
 Past the blind Sins, that slumber leaden-eyed  
 In caves that lead to Death.  
 Nor I the less, where purer powers control  
 The perfect temple of thy soul,  
 And saintly harmonies to me  
 Breathe from its gates unceasingly,  
 Its bowery courts and chambers that infold  
 The chastened gleam of pearl and gold,  
 Free to the sun and blessed air :  
 No deeper gloom than starry twilight there !

## III.

What is the world of men to us ? We love,  
 And Love hath his own world. Love hath  
 Repose in storms and peace in wrath,  
 Far from the shocks of Time a quiet path,  
 Another Earth below, another Heaven above.  
 Men from their weakness and their sin create  
 The iron bonds of State,  
 Soldered with wrongs of olden date, —  
 The heartless frame, the chance-directed law  
 Which grows to them a grand, avenging Fate,  
 And fills their darkness with its awe.  
 States have no soul. The World's tired brain  
 O'er many riddles broods with pain,

Not hopeless all, but hoping much in vain.  
 Those who have never loved may stay,  
 And in his files fight out the day ;  
 But aliens we, who breathe a separate air  
 In regions far away !  
 Thou art my law, I thine : the links we wear,  
 If not of Freedom, dearer still,  
 And binding both in one harmonious will.  
 Why should we track the labyrinth of ill  
 Before us, — mingle with the fret  
 Of jangling natures, till our souls forget  
 Their crystal orbits of accordant sound ?  
 Why should we walk the common ground,  
 Where gloom is born of gloom, and pain  
 From pain unfoldeth ever,  
 When to the blue air's limitless domain,  
 Made ours by right of love, we rise without endeavor ?

## IV.

Some voice of wind or sea  
 May reach the imbruted slave, and in his ear  
 Drop Freedom's mighty secret: so to me  
 Through blindness and through passion came the clear,  
 Calm voice of Love, thenceforth to be  
 The revelation of diviner truth  
 Than ever touched our sinless youth, —

A power to bid us face Eternity !  
 But the same whisper that reveals the glory  
 Of Freedom's brow, makes also known  
 The bitterness of bondage. We  
 Will leave this splendid misery,  
 This hollow joy, whose laugh but hides a groan,  
 And teach our lives to write a perfect story.

## v.

O, somewhere, in the living realms that lie  
 Between the icy zones of desolation,  
 Covered by some remote, unconscious sky,  
 Where God's serene creation  
 Yet never glassed itself in human eye,  
 Must be a glorious Valley, hidden  
 In the safe bosom of the hills that part  
 The river-veins of some old Continent's heart,  
 To love like ours a shelter unforbidden !  
 Some Valley must there be,  
 Of which wide wastes of desert sand have kept  
 The gateway secret, mountain walls  
 Across the explorer's pathway stepped,  
 Or mighty woods surrounded like a sea.  
 Love's voice, whene'er he calls,  
 Alike the compass to his freedom is,  
 And to that Vale, the lode-star of our bliss,

Our hearts shall guide us. Even now,  
 I see the close defiles unfold  
 Upon a sloping mead that lies below  
 A mountain black with pines,  
 O'er which the barren ridges heave their lines,  
 And high beyond, the snowy ranges old !  
 Fed by the plenteous mountain rain,  
 Southward, a blue lake sparkles, whence outflows  
 A rivulet's silver vein,  
 Awhile meandering in fair repose,  
 Then caught by riven cliffs that guard our home  
 And flung upon the outer world in foam !  
 The sky above that still retreat,  
 Through all the year serene and sweet,  
 Drops dew that finds the daisy's heart,  
 And keeps the violet's tender lids apart :  
 All winds that whistle drearily  
 Around the naked granite, die  
 With many a long, melodious sigh  
 Among the pines ; and if a tempest seek  
 The summits cold and bleak,  
 He does but shift the snow from shining peak to peak.

## VI.

Or should this Valley seem  
 Too deeply buried from the golden sun,

Still may a home be won  
 Whose breast lies open to his every beam.  
 Some Island, on the purple plain  
 Of Polynesian main,  
 Where never yet the adventurer's prore  
 Lay rocking near its coral shore :  
 A tropic mystery, which the enamored Deep  
 Folds, as a beauty in a charmèd sleep.  
 There lofty palms, of some imperial line,  
 That never bled their nimble wine,  
 Crowd all the hills, and out the headlands go  
 To watch on distant reefs the lazy brine  
 Turning its fringe of snow.  
 There, when the sun stands high  
 Upon the burning summit of the sky,  
 All shadows wither : Light alone  
 Is in the world : and, pregnant grown  
 With teeming life, the trembling island-earth  
 And panting sea forebode sweet pains of birth  
 Which never come, — their love brings never forth  
 The Human Soul they lack alone !

## VII.

We to that Island soul and voice will be,  
 When (rapturous hour !) the baffling quest is over,  
 The boat is wrecked, the ship is blown to sea,

And underneath the palm-tree's cover  
We bless our God that He hath left us free.  
Then, wandering through the inland dells  
Where sun and dew have built their gorgeous bowers,  
The golden, blue, and crimson flowers  
Will drain in joy their spicy wells,  
The lily toll her alabaster bells,  
And some fine influence, unknown and sweet,  
Precede our happy feet  
Around the Isle, till all the life that dwells  
In leaf and stem shall feel it, and awake,  
And even the pearly-bosomed shells  
Wet with the foamy kiss of lingering swells,  
Shall rosier beauty at our coming take,  
For Love's dear sake !  
There when, like Aphrodite, Morn  
From the ecstatic waves is born,  
The chieftain Palm, that tops each mountain-crest,  
Shall feel her glory gild his scaly greaves,  
And lift his glittering leaves  
Like arms outspread, to take her to his breast.  
Then shall we watch her slowly bend, and fold  
The Island in her arms of gold,  
Breathing away the heavy balms which crept  
All night around the bowers, and lifting up  
Each flower's enamelled cup,

To drink the sweetness gathered while it slept.  
 Yet on our souls a joy more tender  
 Shall gently sink, when sunset makes the sky  
 One burning sheet of opalescent splendor,  
 And on the deep dissolving rainbows lie.  
 No whisper shall disturb  
 That alchemy superb,  
 Whereto our beings every sense surrender.  
 O, long and sweet, while sitting side by side,  
 Looking across the western sea,  
 That dream of Death, that morn of Heaven, shall be ;  
 And when the shadows hide  
 Each dying flush, upon the quiet tide, —  
 Quiet as is our love, —  
 We first shall see the stars come out above,  
 And after them, the slanting beams that run,  
 Based on the sea, far up the shining track  
 Of the emblazoned Zodiac,  
 A pyramid of light, above the buried sun !

## VIII.

There shall our lives to such accordance grow  
 As love — love true as ours — alone can know ;  
 Can never know but there :  
 Each within each involved, like Light and Air,  
 In endless marriage. Earth will fill

Her bounteous lap with all we ask of Earth,  
 Nor ever drought or dearth  
 Shrink the rich pulps of vale and hill.  
 Content at last the missing tone to hear  
 Through all her summer-chords,  
 Which makes their full-strung harmony complete  
 In her delighted ear,  
 Her dumb affection, voluble as words,  
 Shall to our hearts that harmony repeat.  
 Led by the strain, it may be ours to enter  
 The secret chamber where she works alone  
 With Color, Form, and Tone,  
 In human mood, or, sterner grown,  
 Takes hold on powers that shake her fiery centre.  
 Year after year the Island shall become  
 A fairer and serener home,  
 And happy children, beautiful as Dawn,  
 The future parents of a race  
 Whose purer eyes shall face to face  
 Look on the Angels, fill our place,  
 And be the Presence and the Soul, when we have gone.

## IX.

Forgive the dream. Love owns no human birth,  
 And may not find fulfilment here  
 On this degenerate Earth.

Forgive the dream : here never yet was given  
 More than the promise and the hope of Heaven.  
 The dearest joy is dashed with fear,  
 Our darkest sorrow may be then most near.  
 Even with the will our passion lends  
 We cannot break the chain ;  
 Against our vows, we must remain  
 With common men, and compass common ends.  
 We cannot shut our hearts from haunting fears ;  
 We cannot purge our eyes from heavy tears ;  
 We cannot shift the burden and the woe  
 Which all alike must know,  
 Which Love's Elected through the countless years  
 Have known, and, knowing, died : God wills it so.

## x.

Sit near me, then, and place thy hand in mine ;  
 Look on me with thine eyes, that I may feel  
 Thy love through all my being shine,  
 Until I glow with many a dream divine  
 Of larger freedom, — thus to steal  
 From this perplexed, unkindly strand,  
 And breathe the peace of some enamoring land.  
 Fear not to follow : Death  
 Is here, and Pain, and sobbing breath ;  
 But souls so blent may reach some radiant spot

Where these are not :

*One isle is ours, that lies asleep  
Upon an angel-guarded deep,  
Where alien bark may never touch the shore,—  
Thine, mine alone, for evermore !  
There we are free in truth, there only free,  
There only happy, lifted far above  
Strange laws of men, not made for such as we,  
For whom all founts of Nature overflow :  
And Love hath bid us know,  
All things are justified to those who love.*

## H Y L A S.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.  
No cloud was seen ; on blue and craggy Ida  
The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel ;  
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.  
“ Why should I haste ? ” said young and rosy Hylas :  
“ The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.  
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,  
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther ;  
The shields are piled, the listless oars suspended  
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen  
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,  
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander.”

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,  
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,  
Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blossoms  
That spangled thick the lovely Dardan meadows.

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Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins  
 And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,  
 Naked, save one light robe, that from his shoulder  
 Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing  
 Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,  
 Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.  
 Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,  
 He dropped the robe and raised his head exulting  
 In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing  
 Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.  
 For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,  
 Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.  
 A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,  
 Whence Jove-begotten Héraclès, the mighty,  
 To men though terrible, to him was gentle,  
 Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter  
 When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders  
 Dragged the huge paws of the Nemean lion.  
 The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his fore-  
     head,  
 Fell soft about his temples ; manhood's blossom  
 Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly  
 Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lip's parting,  
 Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow ;  
 His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,  
 Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven ;

Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulder rounded  
To the white arms and whiter breast between them.  
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness :  
His back was like a god's ; his loins were moulded  
As if some pulse of power began to waken ;  
The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,  
Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,  
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

Musing a space he stood; a light smile playing  
Upon his face, — a spirit new-created  
To the free air and all-embracing sunlight.  
He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored  
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it  
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface :  
Alas ! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.  
Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching  
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters  
Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,  
Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillow'd,  
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple  
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom  
His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.  
There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,  
The lucid coolness folding close around him,  
The lily-cradling ripples murmured : “ Hylas ! ”

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He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine  
 Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water,  
 And still the ripples murmured: “Hylas! Hylas!”  
 He thought: “The voices are but ear-born music.  
 Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling  
 From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley:  
 So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontos,  
 Have heard the sea-waves hammer Argo’s forehead,  
 That I misdeem the fluting of this current  
 For some lost nymph — ” Again the murmur: “Hylas!”  
 And with the sound a cold, smooth arm around him  
 Slid like a wave, and down the clear, green darkness  
 Glimmered on either side a shining bosom, —  
 Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer  
 Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,  
 Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles  
 Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.  
 Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then uplifting,  
 They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,  
 And once again there came a murmur: “Hylas!”  
 O, come with us, O, follow where we wander  
 Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling, —  
 Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander  
 With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,  
 Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing.

Thou fair Geek boy, O, come with us ! O, follow  
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,  
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,  
Within the glimmering caves of Ocean hollow !  
We have no love ; alone, of all the Immortals,  
We have no love. O, love us, we who press thee  
With faithful arms, though cold, — whose lips caress  
thee, —

Who hold thy beauty prisoned. Love us, Hylas ! ”  
The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling  
Still as it faded : “ Come with us, O, follow ! ”  
The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure  
Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly striving,  
Down from the noonday brightness. “ Leave me, Na-  
iads !

Leave me ! ” he cried ; “ the day to me is dearer  
Than all your caves deep-sphered in Ocean’s quiet.  
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure :  
I would not change this exile, warm existence,  
Though swept by storms and shocked by Jove’s dread  
thunder,

To be a king beneath the dark-green waters.”  
Still moaned the humid lips, between their kisses :  
“ We have no love. O, love us, we who press thee ! ”  
And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas :  
“ My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens

I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.  
 Unlock your cold, white arms, — take from my shoul-  
 der

The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.  
 Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,  
 And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,  
 Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow  
 Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.  
 I am not yours, — I cannot braid the lilies  
 In your wet hair, nor on your argent bosoms  
 Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.  
 Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,  
 Your world of watery quiet: — Help, Apollo!  
 For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,  
 Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture:  
 The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,  
 Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.  
 O, leave me, Naiads! loose your chill embraces,  
 Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining.”  
 But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,  
 And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:  
 “ We have thee now, we hold thy beauty prisoned; —  
 O, come with us beneath the emerald waters!  
 We have no love; we love thee, rosy Hylas.  
 O, love us, who shall nevermore release thee:  
 Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle

Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,  
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces.”  
And slowly, slowly, sank the amorous Naiads ;  
The boy’s blue eyes, upturned, looked through the  
water,

Pleading for help ; but Heaven’s immortal Archer  
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead,  
And last, the thick, bright curls a moment floated,  
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,  
Closing reluctant, as he sank for ever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.  
Argo was tugging at her chain ; for freshly  
Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.  
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,  
And up the ropes was heaved the snowy canvas.  
But mighty Héraclès, the Jove-begotten,  
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,  
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys  
Tossed o’er an urn was all that lay before him :  
And when he called, expectant : “ Hylas ! Hylas ! ”  
The empty echoes made him answer : “ Hylas ! ”

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## K U B L E H ;

## A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

THE black-eyed children of the Desert drove  
Their flocks together at the set of sun.  
The tents were pitched ; the weary camels bent  
Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand ;  
The hunters quartered by the kindled fires  
The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain,  
And all the stir and sound of evening ran  
Throughout the Shammar camp. The dewy air  
Bore its full burden of confused delight  
Across the flowery plain, and while, afar,  
The snows of Koordish Mountains in the ray  
Flashed roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound  
Rose broad and black against the burning West.  
The shadows deepened and the stars came out,  
Sparkling in violet ether ; one by one

Glimmered the ruddy camp-fires on the plain,  
 And shapes of steed and horseman moved among  
 The dusky tents with shout and jostling cry,  
 And neigh and restless prancing. Children ran  
 To hold the thongs while every rider drove  
 His quivering spear in the earth, and by his door  
 Tethered the horse he loved. In midst of all  
 Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared not touch,—  
 The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the Sheik  
 A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.

But when their meal was o'er,— when the red fires  
 Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bayed,—  
 When Shammar hunters with the boys sat down  
 To cleanse their bloody knives, came Alimàr,  
 The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love  
 Are sweeter than Bassora's nightingales,—  
 Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood  
 Like war itself: who knows not Alimàr?  
 Then asked the men: "O Poet, sing of Kubleh!"  
 And boys laid down the burnished knives and said:  
 "Tell us of Kubleh whom we never saw,—  
 Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer flocked the group,  
 With eager eyes, about the flickering fire,  
 While Alimàr, beneath the Assyrian stars,  
 Sang to the listening Arabs:

“ God is great !  
 O Arabs, never yet since Mahmoud rode  
 The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca’s gate  
 That wingèd steed bestrode, whose mane of fire  
 Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah called,  
 He bore the Prophet to the walls of Heaven,  
 Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk’s wondrous mare :  
 Not all the milk-white barbs, whose hoofs dashed  
 flame,  
 In Bagdad’s stables, from the marble floor, —  
 Who, swathed in purple housings, pranced in state  
 The gay bazars, by great Al-Raschid backed :  
 Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed  
 That went o’er half the world with Tamerlane :  
 Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago  
 From Ormuz brought by swarthy Indian grooms  
 To Persia’s kings, — the foals of sacred mares,  
 Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea !

“ Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,  
 The many deeds of Kubleh ? Who can tell  
 Whence came she, whence her like shall come again ?  
 O Arabs, sweet as tales of Scheherazade  
 Heard in the camp, when javelin shafts are tried  
 On the hot eve of battle, are the words  
 That tell the marvels of her history.

“ Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say,  
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.  
The well had dried ; her fierce, impatient eye  
Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs  
Were lean with thirst. He checked his camel’s pace,  
And while it knelt, untied the water-skin,  
And when the wild mare drank, she followed him.  
Thence none but Sofuk might the saddle gird  
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear  
About her shining head, that brooked no curb  
From even him ; for she, alike, was royal.

“ Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace,  
Than some impassioned almée’s, when the dance  
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets gleam,  
Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air.  
Her light, free head was ever held aloft ;  
Between her slender and transparent ears  
The silken forelock tossed ; her nostril’s arch,  
Thin-blown, in proud and pliant beauty spread,  
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy neck  
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle’s wing,  
And all her matchless lines of flank and limb  
Seemed fashioned from the flying shapes of air.  
When sounds of warlike preparation rang  
From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye

Shone blood-red as a ruby, and her neigh  
Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

“ The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew her :  
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she bore  
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not  
To bid her welcome ; and the savage Koord,  
Chased from his bold irruption on the plain,  
Has seen her hoof-prints in his mountain snow.  
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,  
O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep amid  
The Sinjar hills, she ran the wild ass down.  
Through many a battle's thickest brunt she stormed,  
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock deep  
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid haze  
Stifled the crimson sun, she swept before  
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty mane  
Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay  
Groaning and helpless on the fiery waste.

“ The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her :  
The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet neigh  
Before the walls of Teflis ; pines that grow  
On ancient Caucasus have harbored her,  
Sleeping by Sofuk in their spicy gloom.  
The surf of Trebizond has bathed her flanks,

When from the shore she saw the white-sailed bark  
 That brought him home from Stamboul. Never yet,  
 O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh !

“ And Sofuk loved her. She was more to him  
 Than all his snowy-bosomed odalisques.  
 For many years she stood beside his tent,  
 The glory of the tribe.

“ At last she died.  
 Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs,—  
 Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she loved.  
 The base Jebours — on whom be Allah’s curse ! —  
 Came on his path, when far from any camp,  
 And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang  
 Against the javelin points, and bore them down,  
 And gained the open Desert. Wounded sore,  
 She urged her light limbs into maddening speed,  
 And made the wind a laggard. On and on  
 The red sand slid beneath her, and behind  
 Whirled in a swift and cloudy turbulence,  
 As when some star of Eblis, downward hurled  
 By Allah’s bolt, sweeps with its burning hair  
 The waste of darkness. On and on the bleak,  
 Bare ridges rose before her, came and passed,  
 And every flying leap with fresher blood

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Her nostril stained, till Sofuk's brow and breast  
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have  
turned

To save his treasure, though himself were lost,  
But Kubleh fiercely snapped the brazen rein.

At last, when through her spent and quivering frame  
The sharp throes ran, our clustering tents arose,  
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy  
O'ercame its agony, she stopped and fell.  
The Shammar men came round her as she lay,  
And Sofuk raised her head and held it close  
Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye  
Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.  
Then like a child his bursting grief made way  
In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe  
Wept for the faithful mare.

“ They dug her grave

Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where she lies  
Buried with ancient kings ; and since that time  
Was never seen, and will not be again,  
O Arabs, though the world be doomed to live  
As many moons as count the desert sands,  
The like of glorious Kubleh. God is great ! ”

### METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE PINE.

As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes  
Familiar fields a land of mystery,  
Where all is changed, and some new presence wakes  
In flower, and bush, and tree, —

Another life the life of Day o'erwhelms ;  
The Past from present consciousness takes hue,  
And we remember vast and cloudy realms  
Our feet have wandered through :

So, oft, some moonlight of the mind makes dumb  
The stir of outer thought : wide open seems  
The gate wherethrough strange sympathies have come,  
The secret of our dreams ;

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The source of fine impressions, shooting deep  
 Below the failing plummet of the sense ;  
 Which strike beyond all Time, and backward sweep  
 Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and clod,  
 And the long process of the ages see  
 From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of God  
 Moved it to harmony.

All outward wisdom yields to that within,  
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key ;  
 We only feel that we have ever been  
 And evermore shall be ;

And thus I know, by memories unfurled  
 In rarer moods, and many a nameless sign,  
 That once in Time, and somewhere in the world,  
 I was a towering Pine,

Rooted upon a cape that overhung  
 The entrance to a mountain gorge ; whereon  
 The wintry shadow of a peak was flung,  
 Long after rise of sun.

Behind, the silent snows ; and wide below,  
The rounded hills made level, lessening down  
To where a river washed with sluggish flow  
A many-templed town.

There did I clutch the granite with firm feet,  
There shake my boughs above the roaring gulf,  
When mountain whirlwinds through the passes beat,  
And howled the mountain wolf.

There did I louder sing than all the floods  
Whirled in white foam adown the precipice,  
And the sharp sleet that stung the naked woods  
Answer with sullen hiss :

But when the peaceful clouds rose white and high  
On blandest airs that April skies could bring,  
Through all my fibres thrilled the tender sigh,  
The sweet unrest of Spring.

She, with warm fingers laced in mine, did melt  
In fragrant balsam my reluctant blood ;  
And with a smart of keen delight I felt  
The sap in every bud,

---

And tingled through my rough old bark, and fast  
 Pushed out the younger green, that smoothed my tones,  
 When last year's needles to the wind I cast  
 And shed my scaly cones.

I held the eagle, till the mountain mist  
 Rolled from the azure paths he came to soar,  
 And like a hunter, on my gnarled wrist  
 The dappled falcon bore.

Poised o'er the blue abyss, the morning lark  
 Sang, wheeling near in rapturous carouse,  
 And hart and hind, soft-pacing through the dark,  
 Slept underneath my boughs.

Down on the pasture-slopes the herdsman lay,  
 And for the flock his birchen trumpet blew ;  
 There ruddy children tumbled in their play,  
 And lovers came to woo.

And once an army, crowned with triumph, came  
 Out of the hollow bosom of the gorge,  
 With mighty banners in the wind aflame,  
 Borne on a glittering surge

Of tossing spears, a flood that homeward rolled,  
 While cymbals timed their steps of victory,  
 And horn and clarion from their throats of gold  
 Sang with a savage glee.

I felt the mountain-walls below me shake,  
 Vibrant with sound, and through my branches poured  
 The glorious gust : my song thereto did make  
 Magnificent accord.

Some blind harmonic instinct pierced the rind  
 Of that slow life which made me straight and high,  
 And I became a harp for every wind,  
 A voice for every sky ;

When fierce autumnal gales began to blow,  
 Roaring all day in concert, hoarse and deep ;  
 And then made silent with my weight of snow,—  
 A spectre on the steep ;

Filled with a whispering gush, like that which flows  
 Through organ-stops, when sank the sun's red disk  
 Beyond the city, and in blackness rose  
 Temple and obelisk ;

Or breathing soft, as one who sighs in prayer,  
 Mysterious sounds of portent and of might,  
 What time I felt the wandering waves of air  
 Pulsating through the night.

And thus for centuries my rhythmic chant  
 Rolled down the gorge or surged about the hill :  
 Gentle, or stern, or sad, or jubilant,  
 At every season's will.

No longer Memory whispers whence arose  
 The doom that tore me from my place of pride :  
 Whether the storms that load the peak with snows,  
 And start the mountain-slide,

Let fall a fiery bolt to smite my top,  
 Upwrenched my roots, and o'er the precipice  
 Hurled me, a dangling wreck, ere long to drop  
 Into the wild abyss ;

Or whether hands of men, with scornful strength  
 And force from Nature's rugged armory lent,  
 Sawed through my heart and rolled my tumbling length  
 Sheer down the steep descent.

All sense departed, with the boughs I wore ;  
And though I moved with mighty gales at strife,  
A mast upon the seas, I sang no more,  
And music was my life.

Yet still that life awakens, brings again  
Its airy anthems, resonant and long,  
Till Earth and Sky, transfigured, fill my brain  
With rhythmic sweeps of song.

Thence am I made a poet : thence are sprung  
Those motions of the soul, that sometimes reach  
Beyond all grasp of Art,— for which the tongue  
Is ignorant of speech.

And if some wild, full-gathered harmony  
Roll its unbroken music through my line,  
Believe there murmurs, faintly though it be,  
The Spirit of the Pine.

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## THE SOLDIER AND THE PARD.

A second deluge ! Well, — no matter : here,  
At least, is better shelter than the lean,  
Sharp-elbowed oaks — a dismal company ! —  
That stood around us in the mountain road  
When that cursed axle broke : a roof of thatch,  
A fire of withered boughs, and best of all,  
This ruddy wine of Languedoc, that warms  
One through and through, from heart to finger-ends.  
No better quarters for a stormy night  
A soldier, like myself, could ask ; and since  
The rough Cevennes refuse to let us forth,  
Why, fellow-travellers, if so you will,  
I 'll tell the story, cut so rudely short  
When both fore-wheels broke from the diligence,  
Stocked in the rut, and pitched us all together :  
  
I said, we fought beside the Pyramids ;

And somehow, from the glow of this good wine  
 And from the gloomy rain, that shuts one in  
 With his own self,—a sorry mate sometimes ! —  
 The scene comes back like life. As then, I feel  
 The sun, and breathe the hot Egyptian air,  
 Hear Kleber, see the sabre of Dessaix  
 Flash at the column's front, and in the midst  
 Napoleon, upon his Barbary horse,  
 Calm, swarthy-browed, and wiser than the Sphinx  
 Whose porphyry lips guard Egypt's mystery.  
 Ha ! what a rout ! our cannon bellowed round  
 The Pyramids : the Mamelukes closed in,  
 And hand to hand like devils did we fight,  
 Rolled towards Aboukir in the smoke and sand.

For days we followed up the Nile. We pitched  
 Our tents in Memphis, pitched them on the site  
 Of Arsinoë, and beside the cliffs  
 Of Aboufayda. Then we came anon  
 On Kenneh, ere the sorely-frightened Bey  
 Had time to pack his harem : nay, we took  
 His camels, not his wives : and so, from day  
 To day, past wrecks of temples half submerged  
 In sandy inundation, till we saw  
 Old noseless Memnon sitting on the plain,  
 Both hands upon his knees, and in the east

---

Karnak's propylon and its pillared court.  
 The sphinxes wondered — such as had a face —  
 To see us stumbling down their avenues,  
 But we kept silent. One may whistle round  
 Your Roman temples here at Nismes, or dance  
 Upon the Pont du Gard ; — but, take my word,  
 Egyptian ruins are a serious thing :  
 You would not dare let fly a joke beside  
 The maimed colossi, though your very feet  
 Might catch between some mummied Pharaoh's ribs.

Dessaix had not enough of chasing Mamelukes,  
 And so we rummaged tomb and catacomb,  
 Clambered the hills and watched the Desert's rim  
 For sight of horse. One day, my company  
 (I was but ensign then) found far within  
 The sands, a two-days journey from the Nile,  
 A round oasis, like a jewel set.  
 It was a grove of date-trees, clustering close  
 About a tiny spring, whose overflow  
 Trickled beyond their shade a little space,  
 And the insatiate Desert licked it up.  
 The fiery ride, the glare of afternoon  
 Had burned our faces, so we stopped to feel  
 The coolness and the shadow, like a bath  
 Of pure ambrosial lymph, receive our limbs

And sweeten every sense. Drowsed by the soft,  
Delicious greenness and repose, I crept  
Into a balmy nest of yielding shrubs,  
And floated off to slumber on a cloud  
Of rapturous sensation.

When I woke,  
So deep had been the oblivion of that sleep,  
That Adam, when he woke in Paradise,  
Was not more blank of knowledge ; he had felt  
As heedlessly, the silence and the shade ;  
As ignorantly had raised his eyes and seen —  
As, for a moment, I — what then I saw  
With terror, freezing limb and voice like death,  
When the slow sense, supplying one lost link,  
Ran with electric fleetness through the chain  
And showed me what I was, — no miracle,  
But lost and left alone amid the waste,  
Fronting a deadly Pard, that kept great eyes  
Fixed steadily on mine. I could not move :  
My heart beat slow and hard : I sat and gazed,  
With not a wink, upon those jasper orbs,  
Noting the while, with horrible detail  
Whereto my fascinated sight was bound,  
Their tawny brilliance, and the spotted fell  
That wrinkled round them, smoothly sloping back

And curving to the short and tufted ears.  
 I felt — and with a sort of fearful joy —  
 The beauty of the creature : 't was a pard,  
 Not such as one of those they show you caged  
 In Paris, — lean and scurvy beasts enough !  
 No : but a desert pard, superb and proud,  
 That would have died behind the villainous bars.

I think the creature had not looked on man,  
 For, as my brain grew cooler, I could see  
 Small sign of fierceness in her eyes, but chief,  
 Surprise and wonder. More and more entranced,  
 Her savage beauty warmed away the chill  
 Of death-like terror at my heart : I stared  
 With kindling admiration, and there came  
 A gradual softness o'er the flinty light  
 Within her eyes ; a shadow crept around  
 Their yellow disks, and something like a dawn  
 Of recognition of superior will,  
 Of brute affection, sympathy enslaved  
 By higher nature, then informed her face.  
 Thrilling in every nerve, I stretched my hand, —  
 She silent, moveless, — touched her velvet head,  
 And with a warm, sweet shiver in my blood,  
 Stroked down the ruffled hairs. She did not start ;  
 But, in a moment's lapse, drew up one paw

And moved a step, — another, — till her breath  
 Came hot upon my face. She stopped : she rolled  
 A deep-voiced note of pleasure and of love,  
 And gathering up her spotted length, lay down,  
 Her head upon my lap, and forward thrust  
 One heavy-moulded paw across my knees,  
 The glittering talons sheathing tenderly.  
 Thus we, in that oasis all alone,  
 Sat when the sun went down : the Pard and I,  
 Caressing and caressed : and more of love  
 And more of confidence between us came,  
 I grateful for my safety, she alive  
 With the dumb pleasure of companionship,  
 Which touched with instincts of humanity  
 Her brutish nature. When I slept, at last,  
 My arm was on her neck.

The morrow brought  
 No rupture of the bond between us twain.  
 The creature loved me ; she would bounding come,  
 Cat-like, to rub her great, smooth, yellow head  
 Against my knee, or with rough tongue would lick  
 The hand that stroked the velvet of her hide.  
 How beautiful she was ! how lithe and free  
 The undulating motions of her frame !  
 How shone, like isles of tawny gold, her spots,

Mapped on the creamy white ! And when she walked,  
 No princess, with the crown about her brows,  
 Looked so superbly royal. Ah, my friends,  
 Smile as you may, but I would give this life  
 With its fantastic pleasures — ay, even that  
 One leads in Paris — to be back again  
 In the red Desert, with my splendid Pard.

That grove of date-trees was our home, our world,  
 A star of verdure in a sky of sand.  
 Without the feathery fringes of its shade  
 The naked Desert ran, its burning round  
 Sharp as a sword : the naked sky above,  
 Awful in its immensity, not shone  
 There only, where the sun supremely flamed,  
 But all its deep blue walls were penetrant  
 With dazzling light. God reigned in Heaven and Earth,  
 An Everlasting Presence, and his care  
 Fed us, alike his children. From the trees  
 That shook down pulpy dates, and from the spring,  
 The quiet author of that happy grove,  
 My wants were sated ; and when midnight came,  
 Then would the Pard steal softly from my side,  
 Take the unmeasured sand with flying leaps  
 And vanish in the dusk, returning soon  
 With a gazelle's light carcass in her jaws.

So passed the days, and each the other taught  
Our simple language. She would come at call  
Of the pet name I gave her, bound and sport  
When so I bade, and she could read my face  
Through all its changing moods, with better skill  
Than many a Christian comrade. Pard and beast,  
Though you may say she was, she had a soul.

But Sin will find the way to Paradise.  
Ere long, the sense of isolation fed  
My mind with restless fancies. I began  
To miss the life of camp, the march, the fight,  
The soldier's emulation: youthful blood  
Ran in my veins: the silence lost its charm,  
And when the morning sunrise lighted up  
The threshold of the Desert, I would gaze  
With looks of bitter longing o'er the sand.  
At last, I filled my soldier's sash with dates,  
Drank deeply of the spring, and while the Pard  
Roamed in the starlight for her forage, took  
A westward course. The grove already lay  
A dusky speck — no more — when through the night  
Came the forsaken creature's eager cry.  
Into a sandy pit I crept, and heard  
Her bounding on my track, until she rolled  
Down from the brink upon me. Then with cries

- Of joy and of distress, the touching proof  
 Of the poor beast's affection, did she strive  
 To lift me — Pardon, friends ! these foolish eyes  
 Must have their will : and had you seen her then,  
 In her mad gambols, as we homeward went,  
 Your hearts had softened too.

But I, possessed  
 By some vile devil of mistrust, became  
 More jealous and impatient. In my heart  
 I cursed the grove and with suspicions wronged  
 The noble Pard. She keeps me here, I thought,  
 Deceived with false caresses, as a cat  
 Toys with the trembling mouse she straight devours.  
 Will she so gently fawn about my feet,  
 When the gazelles are gone ? Will she crunch dates,  
 And drink the spring, whose only drink is blood ?  
 Am I to ruin flattered, and by whom ? —  
 Not even a man, a wily beast of prey,  
 Thus did the Devil whisper in mine ear,  
 Till those black thoughts were rooted in my heart  
 And made me cruel. So it chanced one day,  
 That as I watched a flock of birds, that wheeled,  
 And dipped, and circled in the air, the Pard,  
 Moved by a freak of fond solicitude  
 To win my notice, closed her careful fangs

About my knee. Scarce knowing what I did,  
 In the blind impulse of suspicious fear,  
 I plunged, full home, my dagger in her neck.  
 God! could I but recall that blow ! She loosed  
 Her hold, as softly as a lover quits  
 His mistress' lips, and with a single groan  
 Full of reproach and sorrow, sank and died.  
 What had I done ! Sure never on this earth  
 Did sharper grief so base a deed requite.  
 Its murderous fury gone, my heart was racked  
 With pangs of wild contrition, spent itself  
 In cries and tears, the while I called on God  
 To curse me for my sin. There lay the Pard,  
 Her splendid eyes all film, her blazoned fell  
 Smirched with her blood ; and I, her murderer,  
 Less than a beast, had thus repaid her love.

Ah, Friends, with all this guilty memory  
 My heart is sore : and little now remains  
 To tell you, but that afterwards — how long,  
 I never knew — our soldiers picked me up,  
 Wandering about the Desert, wild with grief  
 And sobbing like a child. My nerves have grown  
 Like steel, in many battles ; I can step  
 Without a shudder through the heaps of slain ;  
 But never, never, till the day I die,

---

Prevent a woman's weakness, when I think  
Upon my desert Pard: and if a man  
Deny this truth she taught me, to his face  
I say he lies : a beast may have a soul.

## ARIEL IN THE CLOVEN PINE.

Now the frosty stars are gone :  
I have watched them, one by one,  
Fading on the shores of Dawn.  
Round and full the glorious sun  
Walks with level step the spray,  
Through his vestibule of Day,  
While the wolves that late did howl  
Slink to dens and coverts foul,  
Guarded by the demon owl,  
Who, last night, with mocking croon  
Wheeled athwart the chilly moon,  
And with eyes that blankly glared  
On my direful torment stared.

The lark is flickering in the light ;  
Still the nightingale doth sing ;—  
All the isle, alive with Spring,  
Lies, a jewel of delight

---

On the blue sea's heaving breast :  
 Not a breath from out the West,  
 But some balmy smell doth bring  
 From the sprouting myrtle buds,  
 Or from meadowy vales that lie  
 Like a green, inverted sky,  
 Which the yellow cowslip stars  
 And the bloomy almond woods,  
 Cloud-like, cross with roseate bars.  
 All is life that I can spy,  
 To the farthest sea and sky,  
 And my own the only pain  
 Within this ring of Tyrrhene main.

In the gnarled and cloven Pine  
 Where that hell-born hag did chain me,  
 All this orb of cloudless shine,  
 All this youth in Nature's veins  
 Tingling with the season's wine,  
 With a sharper torment pain me.  
 Pansies in soft April rains  
 Fill their stalks with honeyed sap  
 Drawn from Earth's prolific lap ;  
 But the sluggish blood she brings  
 To the tough Pine's hundred rings,  
 Closer locks their cruel hold,

Closer draws the scaly bark  
    Round the crevice, damp and cold,  
    Where my useless wings I fold, —  
    Sealing me in iron dark.  
    By this coarse and alien state  
    Is my dainty essence wronged ;  
    Finer senses that belonged  
    To my freedom, chafe at Fate,  
    Till the happier elves I hate,  
    Who in moonlight dances turn  
    Underneath the palmy fern,  
    Or in light and twinkling bands  
    Follow on with linkèd hands  
    To the Ocean's yellow sands.

    Primrose-eyes each morning ope  
    In their cool, deep beds of grass ;  
    Violets make the airs that pass  
    Telltale of their fragrant slope.  
    I can see them where they spring  
    Never brushed by fairy wing.  
    All those corners I can spy  
    In the island's solitude,  
    Where the dew is never dry,  
    Nor the miser bees intrude.

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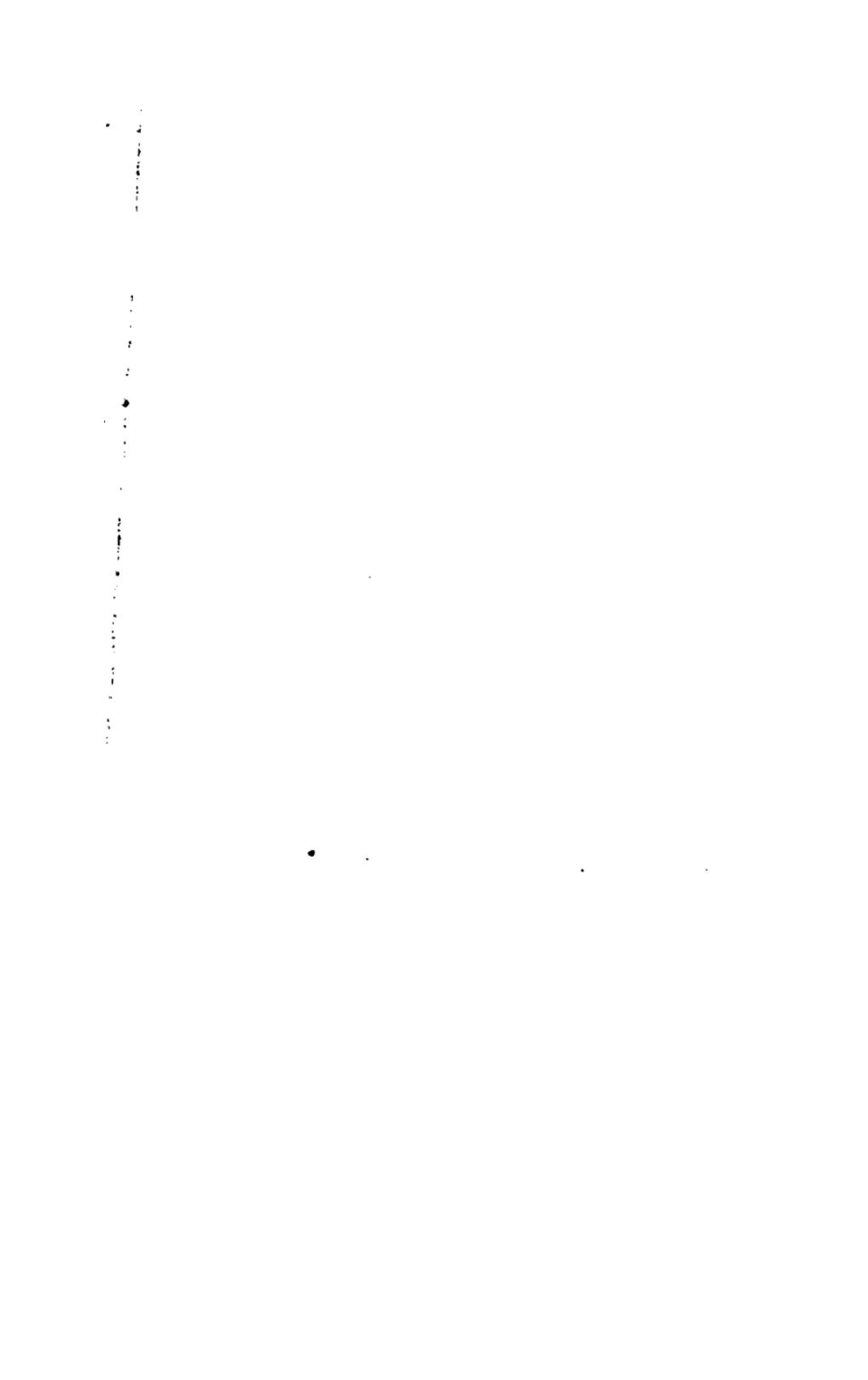
Cups of rarest hue are there,  
 Full of perfumed wine undrained, —  
 Mushroom banquets, ne'er profaned,  
 Canopied by maiden-hair.  
 Pearls I see upon the sands,  
 Never touched by other hands,  
 And the rainbow bubbles shine  
 On the ridged and frothy brine,  
 Tenantless of voyager  
 Till they burst in vacant air.  
 O the songs that sung might be  
 And the mazy dances woven,  
 Had that witch ne'er crossed the sea  
 And the Pine been never cloven !

◆

Many years my direst pain  
 Has made the wave-rocked isle complain.  
 Winds, that from the Cyclades  
 Came, to ruffle with foul riot  
 Round its shore's enchanted quiet,  
 Bore my wailings on the seas ;  
 Sorrowing birds in Autumn went  
 Through the world with my lament.  
 Still the bitter fate is mine,  
 All delight unshared to see,

Smarting in the cloven Pine,  
While I wait the tardy axe  
Which, perchance, shall set me free  
From the damned witch, Sycorax.

## **LYRICS.**



## THE HARP: AN ODE.

### I.

WHEN bleak winds through the Northern pines were  
sweeping,  
Some hero-skald, reclining on the sand,  
Attuned it first, the chords harmonious keeping  
With murmuring forest and with moaning strand :  
And when, at night, the horns of mead foamed over,  
And torches flared around the wassail board,  
It breathed no song of maid nor sigh of lover,  
It rang aloud the triumphs of the sword !  
It mocked the thunders of the ice-ribbed ocean,  
With clenched hands beating back the dragon's prow ;  
It gave Berserker arms their battle motion,  
And swelled the red veins on the Viking's brow !

## II.

No myrtle, plucked in dalliance, ever sheathed it,  
 To melt the savage ardor of its flow ;  
 The only gauds wherewith its lord enwreathed it,  
 The lusty fir and Druid mistletoe.  
 Thus bound, it kept the old, accustomed cadence,  
 Whether it pealed through slumberous ilex bowers  
 In stormy wooing of Byzantine maidens,  
 Or shook Trinacria's languid lap of flowers ;  
 Whether Genseric's conquering march it chanted,  
 Till cloudy Atlas rang with Gothic staves,  
 Or where gray Calpè's pillared feet are planted,  
 Died grandly out upon the unknown waves !

## III.

Not unto Scania's bards alone belonging,  
 The craft that loosed its tongues of changing sound.  
 For Ossian played, and ghosts of heroes, thronging,  
 Leaned on their spears above the misty mound.  
 The Cambrian eagle, round his eyrie winging,  
 Heard the wild chant through mountain-passes rolled  
 When bearded throats chimed in with mighty singing,  
 And monarchs listened, in their torques of gold :  
 Its dreary wail, blent with the sea-mews' clangor,  
 Surged round the lonely keep of Penmaen-Mawr ;  
 It pealed afar, in battle's glorious anger,  
 Behind the banner of the Blazing Star !

## IV.

The strings are silent: who shall dare to wake them,  
 Though later deeds demand their living powers?  
 Silent in other lands, what hand shall make them  
 Leap as of old, to shape the songs of ours?  
 Here, while the sapless bulk of Europe moulders,  
 Springs the rich blood to hero-veins unsealed,—  
 Source of that Will, that on its fearless shoulders  
 Would bear the world's fate lightly as a shield:  
 Here moves a larger life, to grander measures  
 Beneath our sky and through our forests rung;  
 Why sleeps the harp, forgetful of its treasures,—  
 Buried in songs, that never yet were sung?

## V.

Great, solemn songs, that with majestic sounding  
 Should swell the Nation's heart, from sea to sea;  
 Informed with power, with earnest hope abounding,  
 And prophecies of triumph yet to be!  
 Songs, by the wild wind for a thousand ages  
 Hummed o'er our central prairies, vast and lone;  
 Glassed by the Northern lakes in crystal pages,  
 And carved by hills on pinnacles of stone:  
 Songs chanted now, where undiscovered fountains  
 Make in the wilderness their babbling home,  
 And through the deep-hewn cañons of the mountains  
 Plunge the cold rivers in perpetual foam!

Sung but by these : our forests have no voices ;  
Rapt with no loftier strain our rivers roll ;  
Far in the sky, no song-crowned peak rejoices  
In sounds that give the silent air a soul.  
Wake, mighty Harp ! and thrill the shores that hearken  
For the first peal of thine immortal rhyme :  
Call from the shadows that begin to darken  
The beaming forms of our heroic time :  
Sing us of deeds, that on thy strings outsoaring  
The ancient soul they glorified so long,  
Shall win the world to hear thy grand restoring,  
And own thy latest thy sublimest song !

## M A N U E L A.

## A BALLAD OF CALIFORNIA.

FROM the doorway, Manuela, in the sheeny April morn,

Southward looks, along the valley, over leagues of gleaming corn ;

Where the mountain's misty rampart like the wall of Eden towers,

And the isles of oak are sleeping on a painted sea of flowers.

All the air is full of music, for the winter rains are o'er,

And the noisy magpies chatter from the budding sycamore ;

Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels, over all the grassy slope ;

Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the 'antelope.

Gentle eyes of Manuela ! tell me wherefore do ye  
rest

On the oak's enchanted islands and the flowery ocean's  
breast ?

Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced  
the highway's mark

Far beyond the belts of timber, to the mountain-shad-  
ows dark ?

Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom and the sprouting  
verdure shine

With the tears of amber dropping from the tassels of  
the pine,

And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her  
sunny cheek, —

Little recketh Manuela of the tales of Spring they  
speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice on the mountain-  
harvests glowed,

She had watched a gallant horseman riding down the  
valley road ;

Many times she saw him turning, looking back with  
parting thrills,

Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the  
hills.

Ere the cloudless moons were over, he had passed the  
 Desert's sand,  
 Crossed the rushing Colorado and the wild Apachè  
 Land,  
 And his laden mules were driven, when the time of rains  
 began,  
 With the traders of Chihuahua, to the Fair of San  
 Juan.

Therefore watches Manuela, — therefore lightly doth  
 she start,  
 When the sound of distant footsteps seems the beating  
 of her heart ;  
 Not a wind the green oak rustles or the redwood  
 branches stirs,  
 But she hears the silver jingle of his ringing bit and  
 spurs.

Often, out the hazy distance, come the horsemen, day  
 by day,  
 But they come not as Bernardo, — she can see it, far  
 away ;  
 Well she knows the airy gallop of his mettled ala-  
 zàn,  
 Light as any antelope upon the Hills of Gavilàn.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his free and  
gallant air ;  
By the feately-knit sarapè, such as wealthy traders  
wear ;  
By his broidered calzoneros and his saddle, gaily  
spread,  
With its cantle rimmed with silver, and its horn a lion's  
head.

None like him the light riáta on the maddened bull  
can throw ;  
None amid the mountain-cañons, track like him the  
stealthy doe ;  
And at all the Mission festals, few indeed the revellers  
are  
Who can dance with him the jota, touch with him the  
gay guitar.

He has said to Manuela, and the echoes linger  
still  
In the cloisters of her bosom, with a secret, tender  
thrill,  
When the bay again has blossomed, and the valley  
stands in corn,  
Shall the bells of Santa Clara usher in the wedding  
morn.

He has pictured the procession, all in holiday attire,

And the laugh and look of gladness, when they see the distant spire ;

Then their love shall kindle newly, and the world be doubly fair,

In the cool, delicious crystal of the summer morning air.

Tender eyes of Manuela ! what has dimmed your lustrous beam ?

'T is a tear that falls to glitter on the casket of her dream.

Ah, the eye of Love must brighten, if its watches would be true,

For the star is falsely mirrored in the rose's drop of dew !

But her eager eyes rekindle and her breathless bosom stills,

As she sees a horseman moving in the shadow of the hills :

Now in love and fond thanksgiving they may loose their pearly tides, —

'T is the alazàn that gallops, 't is Bernardo's self that rides !



## T A U R U S.

### I.

THE Scorpion's stars crawl down behind the sun,  
And when he drops below the verge of day,  
The glittering fangs, their fervid courses run,  
Cling to his skirts and follow him away.  
Then, ere the heels of flying Capricorn

## II.

Thy hoofs, unwilling, climb the sphery vault;  
 Thy red eye trembles with an angry glare,  
 When the hounds follow, and in fierce assault  
     Bay through the fringes of the lion's hair.  
 The stars that once were mortal in their love,  
     And by their love are made immortal now,  
 Cluster like golden bees upon thy mane,  
     When thou, possessed with Jove,  
     Bore sweet Europa's garlands on thy brow  
 And stole her from the green Sicilian plain.

## III.

Type of the stubborn force that will not bend  
     To loftier art,—soul of defiant breath  
 That blindly stands and battles to the end,  
     Nerving resistance with the throes of death,—  
 Majestic Taurus! when thy wrathful eye  
     Flamed brightest, and thy hoofs a moment stayed  
 Their march at Night's meridian, I was born:  
     But in the western sky,  
     Like sweet Europa, Love's fair star delayed,  
 To hang her garland on thy silver horn.

## IV.

Thou giv'st that temper of enduring mould,  
 That slighteth the wayward bent of Destiny,—  
 Such as sent forth the shaggy Jarls of old  
 To launch their dragons on the unknown sea :  
 Such as kept strong the sinews of the sword,  
 The proud, hot blood of battle,— welcome made  
 The headsman's axe, the rack, the martyr-fire,  
 The ignominious cord,  
 When but to yield, had pomps and honors laid  
 On heads that moulder in ignoble mire.

## V.

Night is the summer when the soul grows ripe  
 With Life's full harvest : of her myriad suns,  
 Thou dost not gild the quiet herdsman's pipe  
 Nor royal state, that royal action shuns.  
 But in the noontide of thy ruddy stars  
 Thrive strength, and daring, and the blood whence  
 springs  
 The Heraclidean seed of heroes : then  
 Were sundered Gaza's bars ;  
 Then, 'mid the smitten Hydra's loosened rings,  
 His slayer rested, in the Lernean fen.

## VI.

Thou sway'st the heart's red tides, until they bear  
 The kindled spirit on their mounting wave,  
 To Glory's flood-mark ; in thy steadfast glare  
 Age thaws his ice, and thrills beside the grave.  
 Not Bacchus, by his span of panthers borne,  
 And flushed with triumph of the purple vine,  
 Can give his sons so fierce a joy as thou,  
 When, filled with pride and scorn,  
 Thou mak'st relentless anger seem divine,  
 And all Jove's terror clothes a mortal brow.

## VII.

Thine is the subtle element that turns  
 To fearless act the impulse of the hour,—  
 The secret fire, whose flash electric burns  
 To every source of passion and of power.  
 Therefore I hail thee, on thy glittering track :  
 Therefore I watch thee, when the night grows dark,  
 Slow-rising, front Orion's sword along  
 The starry zodiac,  
 And from thy mystic beam demand a spark  
 To warm my soul with more heroic song.

## THE SUMMER CAMP.

[CALIFORNIA]

HERE slacken rein ; here let the dusty mules  
Unsaddled graze ! The shadows of the oaks  
Are on our brows, and through their knotted boles  
We see the blue round of the boundless plain  
Vanish in glimmering heat : these aged oaks,  
The island speck that beckoned us afar  
Over the burning level, — as we came,  
Spreading to shore and cape, and bays that ran  
To leafy headlands, balanced on the haze,  
Faint and receding as a cloud of air.

The mules may roam unsaddled : we will lie  
Beneath the mighty trees, whose shade, like dew  
Poured from the urns of Twilight, dries the sweat  
Of sunburnt brows, and on the heavy lid  
And heated eyeball sheds a balm, than sleep

Far sweeter. We have done with travel,— we  
 Are weary now, who never dreamed of Rest,  
 For until now did never Rest unbar  
 Her palace-doors, nor until now our ears  
 The silence drink, beyond all melodies  
 Of all imagined sound, that wraps her realm.  
 Here, where the desolating centuries  
 Have left no mark; where noises never came  
 From the far world of battle and of toil;  
 Where God looks down and sends no thunderbolt  
 To smite a human wrong, for all is good,  
 She finds a refuge. We will dwell with her.

No more of travel, where the flaming sword  
 Of the great sun divides the heavens; no more  
 Of climbing over jutty steeps that swim  
 In driving sea-mist, where the stunted tree  
 Slants inland, mimicking the stress of winds  
 When wind is none; of plain and steaming marsh  
 Where the dry bulrush crackles in the heat;  
 Of camps by starlight in the columned vault  
 Of sycamores, and the red, dancing fires  
 That build a leafy arch, efface and build,  
 And sink at last, to let the stars peep through;  
 Of cañons grown with pine and folded deep  
 In golden mountain-sides; of airy sweeps

Of mighty landscape, lying all alone  
 Like some deserted world. They tempt no more.  
 It is enough that such things were : too blest,  
 O comrades mine, to lie in Summer's arms,  
 Lodged in her Camp of Rest, we will not dream  
 That they may vex us more.

## The sun goes down :

The dun mules wander idly : motionless  
 Beneath the stars, the heavy foliage lifts  
 Its rich, round masses, silent as a cloud  
 That sleeps at mid-day on a mountain peak.  
 All through the long, delicious night no stir  
 Is in the leaves ; spangled with broken gleams,  
 Before the pining Moon — that fain would drop  
 Into the lap of this deep quiet — swerve  
 Eastward the shadows : Day comes on again.  
 Where is the life we led ? Whither hath fled  
 The turbulent stream that brought us hither ? How,  
 So full of sound, so lately dancing down  
 The mountains, turbid, fretted into foam, —  
 How has it slipped, with scarce a gurgling coil,  
 Into this calm transparence, noise or wind  
 Hath ruffled never ? Ages past, perchance,  
 Such wild turmoi was ours, or did some Dream  
 Malign, that last night nestled in the oak,

Whisper our ears, when not a star could see ?  
 Give o'er the fruitless doubt : we will not waste  
 One thought of rest, nor spill one radiant drop  
 From the full goblet of this summer balm.

Day after day the mellow sun slides o'er,  
 Night after night the mellow moon. The clouds  
 Are laid, enchanted : soft and bare, the heavens  
 Fold to their breast the dozing Earth, that lies  
 In languor of deep bliss. At times, a breath,  
 Remnant of gales far off, forgotten now,  
 Tinkles the never-fading leaves, then drops  
 Affrighted into silence. Near a slough  
 Of dark, still water, in the early morn  
 The shy coyotes prowl, or trooping elk  
 From the close covert of the bulrush-fields  
 Their dewy antlers toss : nor other sight,  
 Save when the falcon, poised on wheeling wings,  
 His bright eye on the burrowing coney, cuts  
 His arrowy plunge. Along the distant trail,  
 Dim with the heat, sometimes the miners go  
 Bearded and rough, the swart Sonorians drive  
 Their laden asses, or vaqueros whirl  
 The lasso's coil and carol many a song  
 Native to Spanish hills. As when we lie  
 On the soft brink of Sleep, not pillow'd quite

To blest forgetfulness, some dim array  
Of masking forms in long procession comes,  
A sweet disturbance to the poppied sense,  
That will not cease, but gently holds it back  
From slumber's haven, so their figures pass,  
With such disturbance cloud the blessed calm  
And hold our beings, ready to slip forth  
O'er unmolested seas, still rocking near  
The coasts of Action.

Other dreams are ours,  
Of shocks that were, or seemed ; whereof our souls  
Feel the subsiding lapse, as feels the sand  
Of tropic island-shores the dying pulse  
Of storms that racked the Northern sea. My Soul,  
I do believe that thou hast toiled and striven,  
And hoped and suffered wrong. I do believe  
Great aims were thine, deep loves and fiery hates,  
And though I may have lain a thousand years  
Beneath these Oaks, the baffled trust of Youth,  
Thy first keen sorrow, brings a gentle pang  
To temper joy. Nor will the joy I drank  
To wild intoxication, quit my heart :  
It was no dream that still has power to droop  
The soft-suffusing lid, and lift desire  
Beyond this rapt repose. No dream, dear love !  
For thou art with me in our Camp of Peace.

O Friend, whose history is writ in deeds  
That make your life a marvel, come no gleams  
Of past adventure, echoes of old storms,  
And Battle's tingling hum of flying shot,  
To touch your easy blood and tempt you o'er  
The round of yon blue plain ? Or have they lost,  
Heroic days, the virtue which the heart  
That did their hest rejoicing, proved so high ?  
Back through the long, long cycles of our rest  
Your memory travels : through this hush you hear  
The Gila's dashing, feel the yawning jaws  
Of black volcanic gorges close you in  
On waste and awful tracts of wilderness,  
Which other than the eagle's cry, or bleat  
Of mountain-goat, hear not : the scorching sand  
Eddies around the tracks your fainting mules  
Leave in the Desert : thorn and cactus pierce  
Your bleeding limbs, and stiff with raging thirst  
Your tongue forgets its office. Leave untried  
That cruel trail, and leave the wintry hills  
And leave the tossing sea ! The Summer here  
Builds us a tent of everlasting calm.

How shall we wholly sink our lives in thee,  
Thrice-blessed Deep ? O many-natured Soul,  
Chameleon-like, that, steeped in every phase

Of wide existence, tak'st the hue of each,  
Here with the silent Oaks and azure Air  
Incorporate grow ! Here loosen one by one  
Thy vexing memories, burdens of the Past,  
Till all unrest be laid, and strong Desire  
Sleeps on his nerveless arm. Content to find  
In liberal Peace thy being's high result  
And crown of aspiration, gather all  
The dreams of sense, the reachings of the mind  
For ampler issues and dominion vain,  
To fold them on her bosom, happier there  
Than in exultant action : as a child  
Forgets his meadow butterflies and flowers,  
Upon his mother's breast.

It may not be.

Not in this Camp, in these enchanted Trees,  
But in ourselves, must lodge the calm we seek,  
Ere we can fix it here. We cannot take  
From outward nature power to snap the curse  
Which clothed our birth ; and though 't were easier  
This hour to die, than yield the blessed cup  
Wherfrom our hearts divinest comfort draw,  
It clothes us yet, and yet shall drive us forth  
To breast the world. Then come : we will not bide  
To tempt a ruin to this paradise,

Fulfilling Destiny. A mighty wind  
Would gather on the plain, a cloud arise  
To blot the sky, with thunder in its heart,  
And the black column of the whirlwind spin  
Out of the cloud, straight downward to this grove,  
Take by their heads the shuddering trees, and wrench  
With fearful clamor, limb from limb, till Rest  
Should flee for ever. Rather set at once  
Our faces toward the noisy world again,  
And gird our loins for action. Let us go !

Moan, ye wild winds ! around the pane,  
And fall, thou drear December rain !  
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,  
Tear the last clinging leaves away !  
Reckless as yonder naked tree,  
No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,  
And pour your baptism on my face ;  
Sound in mine ears the airy moan  
That sweeps in desolate monotone,  
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat  
The marches of your homeless feet !

Moan on, ye winds ! and pour, thou rain !  
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,  
If shed for her, whose fading eyes  
Will open soon on Paradise :  
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,  
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

## SERAPION.

COME hither, Child ! thou silent, shy  
Young creature of the glorious eye !  
Though never yet by ruder air  
Than father's kiss or mother's prayer  
Were stirred the tendrils of thy hair,  
The sadness of a soul that stands  
Withdrawn from Childhood's frolic bands,  
A stranger in the land, I trace  
Upon thy brow's cherubic grace,  
The tender pleading of thy face,  
Where other stars than Joy and Hope  
Have cast thy being's horoscope.

For thee, the threshold of the world  
Is yet with morning dews impearled ;  
The nameless radiance of Birth  
Embathes thy atmosphere of Earth,

And, like a finer sunshine, swims  
 Round every motion of thy limbs :  
 The sweet, sad wonder and surprise  
 Of waking, glimmers in thine eyes,  
 And wiser instinct, purer sense,  
 And gleams of rare intelligence  
 Betray the converse held by thee  
 In the angelic family.

Come hither, Boy ! For while I press  
 Thy lip's confiding tenderness,  
 Less broad and dark the spaces be  
 Which Life has set 'twixt thee and me.  
 Thy soul's white feet shall soon depart  
 On paths I walked with eager heart ;  
 God give thee, in His kindly grace,  
 A brighter road, a loftier place !  
 I see thy generous nature flow  
 In boundless trust, to friend and foe,  
 And leap, despite of shocks and harms,  
 To clasp the world in loving arms.  
 I see that glorious circle shrink  
 Back to thy feet, at Manhood's brink,  
 Narrowed to one, one image fair,  
 And all its splendor gathered there.  
 The shackles of experience then  
 Sit lightly as on meaner men :

In flinty paths thy feet may bleed,  
 Thorns pierce thy flesh, thou shalt not heed,  
 Till when, all panting from the task,  
 Thine arms outspread their right shall ask,  
 Thine arms outspread that right shall fly,  
 The star shall burst, the splendor die !  
 Go, with thy happier brothers play,  
 As heedless and as wild as they ;  
 Seek not so soon thy separate way,  
 Thou lamb in Childhood's field astray !

Whence comest thou ? what angel bore  
 Thee past so many a fairer shore  
 Of guarding love and guidance mild,  
 To drop thee on this barren wild ?  
 Thy soul is lonely as a star  
 When all its fellows muffled are, —  
 A single star, whose light appears  
 To glimmer through subduing tears.  
 The father who begat thee sees  
 In thee no deeper mysteries  
 Than load his heavy leger's page,  
 And swell for him thy heritage.  
 A hard, cold man, of punctual face,  
 Renowned in Credit's holy-place,  
 Whose very wrinkles seem arrayed  
 In cunning hieroglyphs of trade, —

Whose gravest thought but just unlocks  
 The problems of uncertain stocks, —  
 Whose farthest flights of hope extend  
 From dividend to dividend.

Thy mother, — but a mother's name  
 Too sacred is, too sweet for blame.  
 No doubt she loves thee, — loves the shy,  
 Strange beauty of thy glorious eye ;  
 Loves the soft mouth, whose drooping line  
 Is silent music ; loves to twine  
 Thy silky hair in ringlets trim ;  
 To watch thy lightsome play of limb ;  
 But, God forgive me ! I, who find  
 The soul within that beauty shrined,  
 I love thee more, I know thy worth  
 Better, than she who gave thee birth.

Are they thy keepers ? They would thrust  
 The priceless jewel in the dust ;  
 Would tarnish in their careless hold  
 The vessel of celestial gold.  
 Who gave them thee ? What fortune lent  
 Their hands the delicate instrument,  
 Which finer hands might teach to hymn  
 The harmonies of Seraphim,  
 Which they shall make discordant soon,  
 The sweet bells jangled, out of tune ?

Mine eyes are dim : I cannot see  
The purposes of Destiny,  
But than my love Heaven could not shine  
More lovingly, if thou wert mine !  
Yes, Child ! even now, there cannot be  
Such boundless tenderness for thee.  
Rest thou securely on my heart :  
Give me thy trust : *my* child thou art,  
And I shall lead thee through the years  
To Hopes and Passions, Loves and Fears,  
Till, following up Life's endless plan,  
A strong and self-dependent Man,  
I see thee stand and strive with men :  
Thy Father now, thy Brother then.

## THE ODA LIQUE.

IN marble shells the fountain splashes ;  
Its falling spray is turned to stars,  
When some light wind its pinion dashes  
Against thy gilded lattice-bars.  
Around the shafts, in breathing cluster,  
The roses of Damascus run,  
And through the summer's moons of lustre  
The tulip's goblet drinks the sun.

The day, through shadowy arches fainting,  
Reveals the garden's burst of bloom,  
With lights of shifting iris painting  
The jasper pavement of thy room :  
Enroofed with palm and laurel bowers,  
Thou seest, beyond, the cool kiosk,  
And far away, the pencilled towers  
That shoot from many a stately mosque.

Thou hast no world beyond the chamber  
 Whose inlaid marbles mock the flowers,  
 Where burns thy lord's chibouk of amber,  
 To charm the languid evening hours.  
 There sounds, for thee, the fond lute's yearning  
 Through all enchanted tales of old,  
 And spicy cressets, dimly burning,  
 Swing on their chains of Persian gold.

No more, in half-remembered vision,  
 Thy distant childhood comes to view ;  
 That star-like world of shapes Elysian  
 Has faded from thy morning's blue :  
 The eastern winds that cross the Taurus  
 Have now no voice of home beyond,  
 Where light waves foam in endless chorus  
 Against the walls of Trebizond.

For thee the Past may never reckon  
 Its hoard of saddening memories o'er,  
 Nor shapes from out the Future beckon  
 To joys that only live in store.  
 Thy life is in the gorgeous Present,  
 An orient summer, warm and bright ; —  
 No gleam of beauty evanescent,  
 But one long time of deep delight.

A D R I F T.

We sailed on a tranquil sea,  
A moon ago — no more,  
And the god that steered securely neared  
The haven and the shore.

There was no reef below,  
No cloud above :  
The only gale that swelled our sail  
To the blissful harbor drove.

Where now the mirrored keel,  
The splendor overhead ?  
Billows dark have whelmed the bark  
And the faithless sun is dead.

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In the darkness and the dread  
I drift alone :  
Heaven hangs black on the dismal track  
Of the waves unknown.

Heaven hangs black and cold  
And the shores are far and dim ;  
On a shattered plank of the ship that sank  
I feebly swim.

And the shores recede afar  
Behind the waves unknown ; —  
On the sea no sail, in the sky no star :  
God, in whose hand Thy creatures are,  
How shall I drift alone ?

## THE PINE FOREST OF MONTEREY.

WHAT point of Time, unchronicled, and dim  
As yon gray mist that canopies your heads,  
Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun  
Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary Pines ?  
When, from the barren bosoms of the hills,  
With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,  
Of these remote and latest-fashioned shores  
The first-born forest ? Titans gnarled and rough,  
Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew  
To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth,  
What fresh commixture of the elements,  
What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil  
Slow-mastering, engendered ye to give  
The hills a mantle and the wind a voice ?  
Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,  
Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse chant —  
Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch  
In elder regions — fill the awful stops

Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.  
 Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound,  
 To syllable the secret, — no still voice  
 To give your airy myths a shadowy form,  
 And make us of lost centuries of lore  
 The rich inheritors ?

The sea-winds pluck

Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep,  
 Vex your high heads, and with your sinewy arms  
 Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,  
 Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells  
 Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.  
 Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast  
 And from the promontory's utmost verge  
 Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood,  
 When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,  
 Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail ;  
 And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound  
 Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath  
 Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,  
 And backward from its staff shook out the folds  
 Of Spain's emblazoned banner.

Ancient Pines,  
 Ye bear no record of the years of man.

Spring is your sole historian, — Spring, that paints  
These savage shores with hues of Paradise ;  
That tricks with glowing green your branches out,  
And through your lonely, far cañadas pours  
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye  
That wander down to lakes and widening seas  
Of blossom and of fragrance, — laughing Spring,  
That with her wanton blood refills your veins,  
And weds ye to your juicy youth again  
With a new ring, the while your rifted bark  
Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibres yield  
To the light touch of her unfailing pen,  
As freely as the lupin's violet cup.  
Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of her stay,  
As in their shells the avelonès keep  
Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow.  
The wild northwest, that from Alaska sweeps,  
To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud  
And white sea-foam, may rend your boughs and leave  
Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale ;  
Your steadfast hearts are mailed against the shock,  
And on their annual tablets naught inscribe  
Of such rude visitation. Ye are still  
The simple children of a guiltless soil,  
And in your natures show the sturdy grain  
That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,

Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs compel  
 To gentler mood. No disappointed heart  
 Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade ;  
 No angry spirit ever came to make  
 Your silence its confessional ; no voice,  
 Grown harsh in Crime's great market-place, the world,  
 Tainted with blasphemy your evening hush  
 And aromatic air. The deer alone, —  
 The ambushed hunter that brings down the deer, —  
 The fisher wandering on the misty shore  
 To watch sea-lions wallow in the flood, —  
 The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,  
 When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds,  
 Ride down the angry bull, — perchance, the song  
 Some Indian heired of long-forgotten sires, —  
 Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stately Pines,

But few more years around the promontory  
 Your chant will meet the thunders of the sea.  
 No more, a barrier to the encroaching sand,  
 Against the surf ye 'll stretch defiant arm,  
 Though with its onset and besieging shock  
 Your firm knees tremble. Never more the wind  
 Shall pipe shrill music through your mossy beards,  
 Nor sunset's yellow blaze athwart your heads

Crown all the hills with gold. Your race is past :  
The mystic cycle, whose unnoted birth  
Coeval was with yours, has run its sands,  
And other footsteps from these changing shores  
Frighten its haunting Spirit. Men will come  
To vex your quiet with the din of toil ;  
The smoky volumes of the forge will stain  
This pure, sweet air ; loud keels will ride the sea,  
Dashing its glittering sapphire into foam ;  
Through all her green cañadas Spring will seek  
Her lavish blooms in vain, and clasping ye,  
O mournful Pines, within her glowing arms,  
Will weep soft rains to find ye fallen low.  
Fall, therefore, yielding to the fiat ! Fall,  
Ere the maturing soil, whose first dull life  
Fed your belated germs, be rent and seamed !  
Fall, like the chiefs ye sheltered, stern, unbent,  
Your gray beards hiding memorable scars !  
The winds will mourn ye, and the barren hills  
Whose breast ye clothed ; and when the pauses come  
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf,  
A funeral silence, terrible, profound,  
Will make sad answer to the listening sea.

## SORROWFUL MUSIC.

GIVE me music, or I die ;  
Music, wherein Sorrow's cry  
Is a sweet, aerial sigh,—  
Where Despair is harmony.

Give me music, such as winds  
To the ambushed grief, and finds  
Clews of soft-enticing sound,  
Notes that soothe and cannot wound,  
Leading with a tender care  
Outward into brighter air :  
Music which, with welcome pain,  
Melted from the master's brain,  
When his sorrow, freed from smart,  
Laid its head upon his heart,  
And the measure, broken, slow,—  
Shed with tears in mingled flow,—

All its mighty secret spake  
 And it slept : it will not wake.

Give me music, sad and strong,  
 Drawn from deeper founts than Song ;  
 More impassioned, full, and free  
 Than the Poet's numbers be :  
 Music which can master thee,  
 Stern enchantress, Memory !  
 Piercing through the darkened stress  
 Of thy spells of weariness,  
 As the summer lightnings play  
 Through a cloud's edge, far away.

Give me music, such as springs  
 When an angel droops his wings,  
 Pausing in mid-heaven, with eyes  
 Soft with dew of Paradise,  
 Hearing Love's thanksgiving rise  
 Out of hearts, whose living bloom  
 Hides the desolating tomb.

Give me music, I am dumb ;  
 Choked with tears that never come.  
 Give me music ; sigh or word  
 Such a sorrow never stirred, —

Sorrow that with blinding pain  
Lies like fire on heart and brain.  
Earth and Heaven bring no relief ;  
I am dumb ; this weight of grief  
Locks my lips ; I cannot cry :  
Give me music, or I die.

## THE TULIP-TREE.

Now my blood, with long-forgotten fleetness,  
Bounds again to Boyhood's blithest tune,  
While I drink a life of brimming sweetness  
From the glory of the breezy June.  
Far above, the fields of ether brighten ;  
Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee ;  
And the daisy's snows around me whiten,  
Drifted down the sloping lea !

On the hills he standeth as a tower,  
Shining in the morn,—the Tulip-Tree !  
On his rounded turrets beats the shower,  
While his emerald flags are flapping free :  
But when Summer, 'mid her harvests standing,  
Pours to him the sun's unmixed wine,  
O'er his branches, all at once expanding,  
How the starry blossoms shine !

Through the glossy leaves they burn, unfolded,

Like the fiery-breasted oriole, —

Filled with sweetness, as a joy new moulded

Into being by a poet's soul !

Violet hills, against the sunrise lying,

See them kindle when the stars grow pale,

And their lips, unclosed in balmy sighing,

Sweeten all the morning gale.

Then all day, in every opening chalice,

Drains their honey-drops the revelling bee,

Till the dove-winged Sleep makes thee her palace,

Filled with song-like murmurs, Tulip-Tree !

In thine arms are rocked the dreams enchanted

Which in Childhood's heart their dwelling made ;

Dreams, whose glory to my brain is granted,

When I lie amid thy shade.

Now, while Earth's full heart is throbbing over

With its wealth of light and life and joy,

Who can feel how later years shall cover

With their blight, the visions of the boy ?

Who can see the shadows downward darken,

While the splendid morning bids aspire,

Or the turf upon his coffin hearken,

When his pulses leap with fire !

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,  
Thou shalt wail in branches rough and bare,  
While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,  
Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.  
All his leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,  
Then shall drop before the North-wind's spears,  
And his limbs, by hail and tempest battered,  
Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory  
Of the Beautiful, bequeathed us now ?  
Why relinquish all the Summer's story,  
Calling up the bleak autumnal bough ?  
Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,  
Happy heart, as doth the Tulip-Tree,  
While the daisy's snows around us whiten,  
Drifted down the sloping lea !

## AUTUMNAL VESPERS.

THE clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,  
 Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough  
 Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now ;  
 Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,  
 And huskers whistling round the tented corn :  
 The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,  
 Scared by the chill, sad hour, that makes forlorn  
 The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out on field and wold ;  
 The life is dying in the leaves and grass.  
 The World's last breath no longer dims the glass  
 Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold.  
 His genial pulse, which Summer made so bold,  
 Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread thy decent pall !  
 The silent, stiffening Frost makes havoc : fold  
 The darkness over all !

The light is dying out o'er all the land,  
 And in my heart the light is dying. She,  
 My life's best life, is fading silently  
 From Earth, from me, and from the dreams we planned  
 Since first Love led us with his beaming hand  
 From hope to hope, yet kept his crown in store.  
 The light is dying out o'er all the land :  
 To me it comes no more.

The blossom of my heart, she shrinks away,  
 Stricken with deadly blight: more wan and weak  
 Her love replies in blanching lip and cheek,  
 And gentler in her dear eyes, day by day.  
 God, in Thy mercy bid the arm delay,  
 Which through her being smites to dust my own !  
 Thou gav'st the seed thy sun and showers : why slay  
 The blossoms yet unblown ?

In vain,—in vain ! God will not bid the Spring  
 Replace with sudden green the Autumn's gold ;  
 And as the night-mists, gathering damp and cold,  
 Strike up the vales where water-courses sing,  
 Death's mist shall strike along her veins, and cling  
 Thenceforth for ever round her glorious frame :  
 For all her radiant presence, May shall bring  
 A memory and a name.

What know the woods, that soon shall be so stark,  
 What know the barren fields, the songless air,  
 Locked in benumbing cold, of blooms more fair  
 In mornings ushered by the April lark ?  
 Weak solace this, which Grief will never hark ;  
 Blind as a bud in stiff December's mail,  
 To lift her look beyond the frozen dark  
 No memory can avail.

I never knew the autumnal eves could wear,  
 With all their pomp, so drear a hue of Death ;  
 I never knew their still and solemn breath  
 Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear,  
 Feeding the blank submission of despair.  
 Yet, peace, sad soul ! reproach and pity shine  
 Suffused through starry tears : bend thou in prayer,  
 Rebuked by Love divine.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star  
 In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim  
 With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,  
 And darkened here, shine fair to spheres afar.  
 I will be patient, lest my sorrow bar  
 His grace and blessing, and I fall supine :  
 In my own hands my want and weakness are, —  
 My strength, O God ! in Thine.

## ODE TO SHELLEY.

## I.

Why art thou dead ? Upon the hills once more  
The golden mist of waning Autumn lies ;  
The slow-pulsed billows wash along the shore  
And phantom isles are floating in the skies.  
They wait for thee : a spirit in the sand  
Hushes, expectant for thy coming tread ;  
The light wind pants to lift thy trembling hair ;  
Inward, the silent land  
Lies with its mournful woods ; — why art thou dead,  
When Earth demands that thou shalt call her fair ?

## II.

Why art thou dead ? I too demand thy song,  
 To speak the language yet denied to mine,  
 Twin-doomed with thee, to feel the scorn of Wrong,  
 To worship Beauty as a thing divine !  
 Thou art afar : wilt thou not soon return  
 To tell me that which thou hast never told ?  
 To clasp my throbbing hand, and, by the shore  
 Or dewy mountain-fern,  
 Pour out thy heart as to a friend of old,  
 Touched with a twilight sadness ? Nevermore.

## III.

I could have told thee all the sylvan joy  
 Of trackless woods ; the meadows far apart,  
 Within whose fragrant grass, a lonely boy,  
 I thought of God ; the trumpet at my heart,  
 When on bleak mountains roared the midnight storm  
 And I was bathed in lightning, broad and grand :  
 O, more than all, with low and sacred breath  
 And forehead flushing warm,  
 I would have led thee through the summer land  
 Of early Love, and past my dreams of Death !

## IV.

In thee, Immortal Brother ! had I found  
 That Voice of Earth, that flies my feebler lines :  
 The awful speech of Rome's sepulchral ground ;  
 The dusky hymn of Vallombrosa's pines !  
 From thee, the noise of Ocean would have taken  
 A grand defiance round the moveless shores,  
 And vocal grown the Mountain's silent head :  
 Canst thou not yet awaken  
 Beneath the funeral cypress ? Earth implores  
 Thy presence for her son ; — why art thou dead ?

## V.

I do but rave : for it is better thus.  
 Were once thy starry nature given to mine,  
 In the one life which would encircle us  
 My voice would melt, my soul be lost in thine.  
 Better to bear the far sublimer pain  
 Of Thought that has not ripened into speech,  
 To hear in silence Truth and Beauty sing  
 Divinely to the brain ;  
 For thus the Poet at the last shall reach  
 His own soul's voice, nor crave a brother's string.

## SICILIAN WINE.

I 've drunk Sicilia's crimson wine !  
The blazing vintage pressed  
From grapes on Etna's breast,  
What time the mellowing autumn sun did shine :  
I 've drunk the wine !  
I feel its blood divine  
Poured on the sluggish tide of mine,  
Till, kindling slow,  
Its fountains glow  
With the light that swims  
On their trembling brims,  
And a molten sunrise floods my limbs !

What do I here ?  
I 've drunk the wine,  
And lo ! the bright blue heaven is clear  
Above the ocean's bluer sphere,

Seen through the long arcades of pine,  
 Inwoven and arched with vine !  
 The glades are green below ;  
 The temple shines afar ;  
 Above, old Etna's snow  
 Sparkles with many an icy star :  
 I see the mountain and its marble wall,  
 Where gleaming waters fall  
 And voices call,  
 Singing and calling  
 Like chorals falling  
 Through pearly doors of some Olympian hall,  
 Where Love holds bacchanal.

Sicilian wine ! Sicilian wine !  
 Summer, and Music, and Song divine  
 Are thine,— all thine !  
 A sweet wind over the roses plays ;  
 The wild bee hums at my languid ear ;  
 The mute-winged moth serenely strays  
 On the downy atmosphere,  
 Like hovering Sleep, that overweighs  
 My lids with his shadow, yet comes not near.  
 Who 'll share with me this languor ?  
 With me the juice of Etna sip ?  
 Who press the goblet's lip

Refusing mine the while with love's enchanting anger ?  
 Would I were young Adonis now !  
 With what an ardor bold  
 Within my arms I'd fold  
 Fair Aphrodite of Idalian mould,  
 And let the locks that hide her gleaming brow  
 Fall o'er my shoulder as she lay  
 With the fair swell of her immortal breast  
 Upon my bosom pressed,  
 Giving Olympian thrills to its enamored clay !

Bacchus and Pan have fled :  
 No heavy Satyr crushes with his tread  
 The verdure of the meadow ground,  
 But in their stead  
 The Nymphs are leading a bewildering round,  
 Vivid and light, as o'er some flowering rise  
 A dance of butterflies,  
 Their tossing hair with slender lilies crowned,  
 And greener ivy than o'er  
 The brows of Bacchus and the reed of Pan !

I faint, I die :  
 The flames expire,  
 That made my blood a fluid fire :  
 Steeped in delicious weariness I lie.

O, lay me in some pearlèd shell,  
 Soft-balanced on the rippling sea,  
 Where sweet, cheek-kissing airs may wave  
 Their fresh wings over me ;  
 Let me be wafted with the swell  
 Of Nereid voices ; let no billow rave  
 To break the cool green crystal of the sea ;  
 For I will wander free  
 Past the blue islands and the fading shores,  
 To Calpè and the far Azores,  
 And still beyond, and wide away  
 Beneath the dazzling wings of tropic day,  
 Where, on unruffled seas,  
 Sleep, dragon-watched, the green Hesperides.

The Triton's trumpet calls :  
 I hear, I wake, I rise :  
 The sound peals up the skies,  
 And mellowed Echo falls  
 In answer back from Heaven's cerulean walls.  
 Give me the lyre that Orpheus played upon  
 Or bright Hyperion, —  
 Nay, rather come, thou of the mighty bow,  
 Come thou below,  
 Leaving thy steeds unharnessed go !  
 Sing as thou wilt, my voice shall dare to follow,

And I will sun me in thine awful glow,  
Divine Apollo ! .

Then thou thy lute shalt twine  
With Bacchic tendrils of the glorious vine  
That gave Sicilian wine :

And henceforth when the breezes run  
Over its clusters, ripening in the sun,  
The leaves shall speak of thee,  
Recalling from thy lute its melody,  
And I, that quaff, am free  
To mount thy car and ride the heavens with thee !

## SUMMER'S BACCHANAL.

FILL the cup from some secretest fountain,  
Under granite ledges, deep and low,  
Where the crystal vintage of the mountain  
Runs in foam from dazzling fields of snow !

Some lost stream, that in a woodland hollow  
Coils, to sleep its weariness away,  
Shut from prying stars, that fain would follow,  
In the emerald glooms of hemlock spray.

Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling  
As the sunlight of October morns, —  
Not for us the crimson wave, that darkling  
Stains the lips of olden drinking-horns !

We will quaff, beneath the noontide glowing,  
 Draughts of nectar, sweet as faery dew ;  
 Couched on ferny banks, where light airs blowing,  
 Shake the leaves between us and the blue.

We will pledge, in breathless, long libation,  
 All we have been, or have sworn to be,—  
 Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration,—  
 Summer's lusty bacchanals are we !

Fill again, and let our goblets, clashing,  
 Stir the feathery ripples on the brim :  
 Let the light, within their bosoms flashing,  
 Leap like youth to every idle limb !

Round the white roots of the fragrant lily  
 And the mossy hazels, purple-stained,  
 Once the music of these waters chilly  
 Gave return for all the sweetness drained.

How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor  
 Mocked my palate in the fever hours,  
 When I pined for springs of coolest savor,  
 As the burning Earth for thunder-showers !

In the wave, that through my maddened dreaming  
Flowed to cheat me, fill the cups again !  
Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming,—  
Fresh as this to manhood's heart and brain !

Fill, fill high ! and while our goblets, ringing,  
Shine with vintage of the mountain-snow,  
Youth shall bid his Fountain, blithely springing,  
Brim our souls to endless overflow !

## STORM-LINES.

WHEN the rains of November are dark on the hills, and  
the pine-trees incessantly roar  
To the sound of the wind-beaten crags, and the floods  
that in foam through their black channels pour :

When the breaker-lined coast stretches dimly afar,  
through the desolate waste of the gale,  
And the clang of the sea-gull at nightfall is heard from  
the deep, like a mariner's wail :

When the gray sky drops low, and the forest is bare,  
and the laborer is housed from the storm,  
And the world is a blank, save the light of his home  
through the gust shining redly and warm :—

Go thou forth, if the brim of thy heart with its tropical  
 fulness of life overflow, —  
 If the sun of thy bliss in the zenith is hung, and no  
 shadow reminds thee of woe !

Leave the home of thy love ; leave thy labors of fame ;  
 in the rain and the darkness go forth,  
 When the cold winds unpausingly wail as they drive  
 from the cheerless expanse of the North.

Thou shalt turn from the cup that was mantling before ;  
 thou shalt hear the eternal despair  
 Of the hearts that endured and were broken at last,  
 from the hills and the sea and the air !

Thou shalt hear how the Earth, the maternal, laments  
 for the children she nurtured with tears, —  
 How the forest but deepens its wail and the breakers  
 their roar, with the march of the years !

Then the gleam of thy hearth-fire shall dwindle away,  
 and the lips of thy loved ones be still ;  
 And thy soul shall lament in the moan of the storm,  
 sounding wide on the shelterless hill.

All the woes of existence shall stand at thy heart, and  
 the sad eyes of myriads implore,  
 In the darkness and storm of their being, the ray,  
 streaming out through thy radiant door.

Look again: how that star of thy Paradise dims,  
 through the warm tears, unwittingly shed ;—  
 Thou art man, and a sorrow so bitterly wrung never  
 fell on the dust of the Dead !

Let the rain of the midnight beat cold on thy cheek,  
 and the proud pulses chill in thy frame,  
 Till the love of thy bosom is grateful and sad, and  
 thou turn'st from the mockery of Fame !

Take with humble acceptance the gifts of thy life; let  
 thy joy touch the fountain of tears ;  
 For the soul of the Earth, in endurance and pain, gath-  
 ers promise of happier years !

## A PRAYER.

HEAVEN, send not yet thy messenger !  
Thy crystal courts are trod  
By angels who resembled her,  
Ere they were called to God.  
They walk thy floors of starry gold,  
Choiring thine awful space,  
When round their brows the white wings fold  
Before the Father's face.  
Their myriads fill thy shining sea,  
But Earth has one alone for me.

O, leave her, Heaven ! she will not make  
Thy bowers more bright and fair,  
Nor bid a sweeter harp awake  
In thy melodious air ;  
She will not weave a brighter crown  
Of amaranth, on thy shore,  
Than cast thy burning seraphs down  
When mutely they adore :  
But she can bid me hear thy streams  
And see thy glory in my dreams.

Not yet ! Thy call should welcome be  
As sleep to weary eyes,  
Nor leave behind, in mockery,  
A pang that never dies :  
Should touch the heart like harpings loud,  
White wings and waving hair,  
Not with a blast that leaves it bowed  
In terror and despair.  
Thy life is peace, thy world is bliss :  
Spare thou my only joy in this !

## THE TWO VISIONS.

THROUGH days of toil, through nightly fears,  
A vision blessed my heart for years ;  
And so secure its features grew,  
My heart believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,  
In consummated peace of love,  
And sweeter joy and saintlier grace  
Breathed o'er the beauty of her face :

The joy and grace of love at rest,  
The fireside music of the breast,  
When vain desires and restless schemes  
Sleep, pillow'd on our early dreams.

---

Nor her alone : beside her stood,  
 In gentler types, our love renewed ;  
 Our separate beings one, in Birth, —  
 The darling miracles of Earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,  
 And home's serene, abounding bliss ;  
 The fruitage of a life that bore  
 But idle summer blooms before :

Such was the vision, far and sweet,  
 That, still beyond Time's lagging feet,  
 Lay glimmering in my heart for years,  
 Dim with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died, in drops of woe,  
 In blotting drops, dissolving slow :  
 Now, toiling day and sorrowing night,  
 Another vision fills my sight.

A cold mound in the winter snow ;  
 A colder heart at rest below ;  
 A life in utter loneliness hurled,  
 And darkness over all the world.

My heart, a bird with broken wing,  
Deserted by its mate of Spring,  
Droops, shivering, while the chill winds blow  
And fill the nest of Love with snow.

**SONGS AND SONNETS.**



## STORM SONG.

THE clouds are scudding across the moon,  
A misty light is on the sea ;  
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,  
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom  
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar :  
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,  
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep !  
The wild and whistling deck have we ;  
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we 'll keep,  
While the tempest is on the sea !

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip  
And the naked spars be snapped away,  
Lashed to the helm, we 'll drive our ship  
In the teeth of the whelming spray !

Hark ! how the surges o'erleap the deck !  
Hark ! how the pitiless tempest raves !  
Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck  
Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet, courage, brothers ! we trust the wave,  
With God above us, our guiding chart :  
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,  
Be it still with a cheery heart !

## SONG.

I PLUCKED for thee the wilding rose  
And wore it on my breast,  
And there, till daylight's dusky close,  
Its silken cheek was pressed ;  
Its desert breath was sweeter far  
Than palace-rose could be,  
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,  
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite  
Of lips that failed my own,  
And Love recalled that sacred night  
His blushing flower was blown.  
I vowed, no rose should rival mine,  
Though withered now, and pale,  
Till those are plucked, whose white buds twine  
Above thy bridal veil.

## SONG.

UPON a fitful dream of passion  
The music stole :  
As wild a strain as Joy could fashion  
Or Love control,  
And on its waves of sweet expression  
Was rocked my soul.

It seemed a sea-born music, floating  
The blue waves o'er,  
Like that which charms the mermaid's boating  
By moonlit shore,  
In every dying fall denoting  
The strains in store.

Now came, like Summer's wind of sweetness,  
Its fanning streams ;  
Thought, buoyed upon its wing of fleetness,  
Shed fairer beams ;  
It gave the rapture of completeness  
To Fancy's dreams.

O, far beyond the best revealing  
Of Poesy,  
All things the soul from torture stealing  
It seemed to be,  
Yet most, thou Child of Love and Feeling,  
The thought of thee !

## THE WAVES.

## I.

CHILDREN are we  
Of the restless sea,  
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee ;  
We follow our race,  
In shifting chase,  
Over the boundless ocean-space !  
Who hath beheld where the race begun ?  
Who shall behold it run ?  
Who shall behold it run ?

## II.

When the smooth airs keep  
Their noontide sleep,  
We dimple the cheek of the dreaming deep ;  
When the rough winds come  
From their cloudy home,

At the tap of the hurricane's thunder-drum,  
 Deep are the furrows of wrath we plow,  
     Ridging his darkened brow !  
     Ridging his darkened brow !

## III.

Over us born,  
 The unclouded Morn  
 Trumpets her joy with the Triton's horn,  
     And sun and star  
     By the thousand are  
 Orbed in our glittering, near and far :  
 And the splendor of Heaven, the pomp of Day,  
     Shine in our laughing spray !  
     Shine in our laughing spray !

## IV.

We murmur our spell  
 Over sand and shell ;  
 We girdle the reef with a combing swell ;  
     And bound in the vice  
     Of the Arctic ice,  
 We build us a palace of grand device, —  
 Walls of crystal and splintered spires,  
     Flashing with diamond fires !  
     Flashing with diamond fires !

## v.

In the endless round  
Of our motion and sound,  
The inmost dwelling of Beauty is found,  
And with voice of strange  
And solemn change,  
The elements speak in our world-wide range,  
Harping the terror, the might, the mirth,  
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !  
Sorrows and hopes of Earth !

## SONG.

FROM the bosom of ocean I seek thee,  
Thou lamp of my spirit afar,  
As the seaman, adrift in the darkness,  
Looks up for the beam of his star;  
And when on the moon-lighted water  
The spirits of solitude sleep,  
My soul, in the light of thy beauty,  
Lies hushed as the waves of the deep.

As the shafts of the sunrise are broken  
Far over the glittering sea,  
Thou hast dawned on the waves of my dreaming,  
And each thought has a sparkle of thee.  
And though, with the white sail distended,  
I speed from the vanishing shore,  
Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean  
The spell of thy beauty the more.

## M A R C H.

THE chill March winds are blowing  
Across the gusty tide,  
And white ships, seaward going,  
On the swaying surges glide.

I hear a soul of sorrow  
In the voice of wind and wave ;  
And would their wail to-morrow  
Might mingle o'er my grave !

Beneath the cheerless gloaming  
The hills lie brown and bare,  
And the frosty Night is coming  
To sit in sadness there.

My life is bleak and withered  
As those dark uplands are ;  
Yet, through the cloud-racks gathered,  
Shines out the Evening Star !

## CRICKET SONG.

WELCOME with thy clicking, cricket !  
Clicking songs of sober mirth ;  
Autumn, stripping field and thicket,  
Brings thee to my hearth,  
Where thy clicking shrills and quickens,  
While the mist of twilight thickens.

Lately, by the garden wicket,  
Where the thick grass grew unclipt,  
And the rill beside thee, cricket,  
Silver-trickling slipt,  
Thou, in mid-day's silent glitter,  
Mocked the flickering linnet's twitter.

Now thou art, my cheerful cricket,  
    Nimble quickener of my song;  
Not a thought but thou shalt nick it  
    In thy lowly tongue,  
And my clock, the moments ticking,  
    Is thy constant clicking, clicking.

No annoy, good-humored cricket,  
    With thy trills is ever blent;  
Spleen of mine, how dost thou trick it  
    To a calm content !  
So, by thicket, hearth, or wicket,  
    Click thy little lifetime, cricket !

THE FOUNTAIN IN WINTER.

THE Northern winds are raw and cold,  
And whistle o'er the frozen mould ;  
The gusty branches lash the wall  
With icicles that snap and fall.

There is no light on earth to-day ;  
The very sky is blank and gray,  
Yet still the fountain's quivering shaft  
Leaps as if Spring around it laughed.

The drops that strike the frozen mould  
Make all the garden doubly cold,  
And with a chill and shivering pain  
I hear the fall of sleety rain.

---

The music that, in beamy May,  
Told of an endless holiday,  
With surly Winter's wailings blent,  
Becomes his dreariest instrument.

The water's blithe and sparkling voice,  
That all the summer said, " Rejoice ! "  
Now pours upon the bitter air  
The hollow laughter of despair.

So, when the flowers of Life lie dead  
Beneath a darker winter's tread,  
The songs that once gave Joy a soul  
Bring to the heart its heaviest dole.

The fresh delight that leaped and sung  
The fragrant bowers of Youth among,  
But gives to Sorrow colder tears  
And laughs to mock our clouded years.

## W O R D S W O R T H.

I SAW thee not, what time mine eyes beheld  
Far-off Helvellyn skirt the misty sea,  
When wild Manx waters foamed and tumbled free  
Around my keel : I saw thee not, when swelled  
Beyond Northumbrian moors the soft blue line  
Of mountain chains that look on Windermere ;  
Yet was it joy to know thy paths so near,  
Thy voice on all those hills, O Bard divine !  
But I shall see thee where thou sittest now,  
Musing, uplift o'er deeps of diamond air,  
And I shall feel the splendor of thy brow  
Thrown on the scanty wreath that binds my hair,  
As, looking down benignly on my place,  
Thou read'st the worship in my lifted face.

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## S O N N E T .

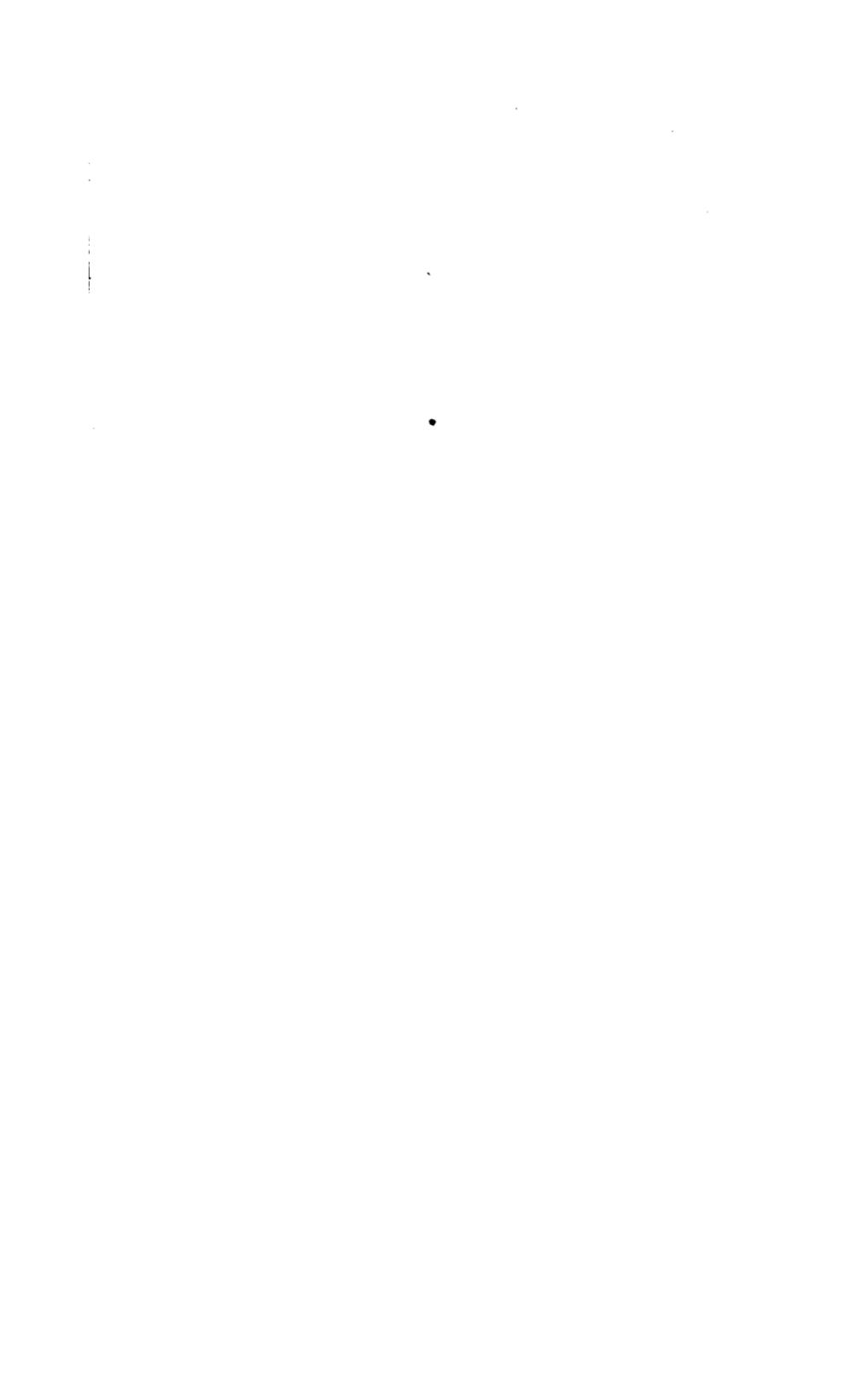
TO G. H. B.

You comfort me as one that, knowing Fate,  
Would paint her visage kinder than you deem ;  
You say, my only bliss that is no dream  
She clouds, but makes not wholly desolate.  
Ah, Friend ! your heart speaks words of little weight  
To veil that sadder knowledge, learned in song,  
And 'gainst your solace Grief has made me strong :  
The Gods are jealous of our low estate ;  
They give not Fame to Love, nor Love to Fame ;  
Power cannot taste the joy the humbler share,  
Nor holy Beauty breathe in Luxury's air,  
And all in darkness Genius feeds his flame.  
We build and build, poor fools ! and all the while  
Some Demon works unseen, and saps the pile.



#### N O T E.

**MON-DA-MIN; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MAIZE.**—For the Indian legend embodied in this poem, the author is indebted to the very curious and valuable "Algic Researches" of Mr. Schoolcraft. He has added nothing to the simple and beautiful story of the Origin of Maize, as there related, — a story which charmed him the more, from its unexpected grace and symmetry, in the midst of so many grotesque and exaggerated forms of tradition.











1847



